

The TATLER

Vol. CXLIII. No. 1866

London
March 31, 1937



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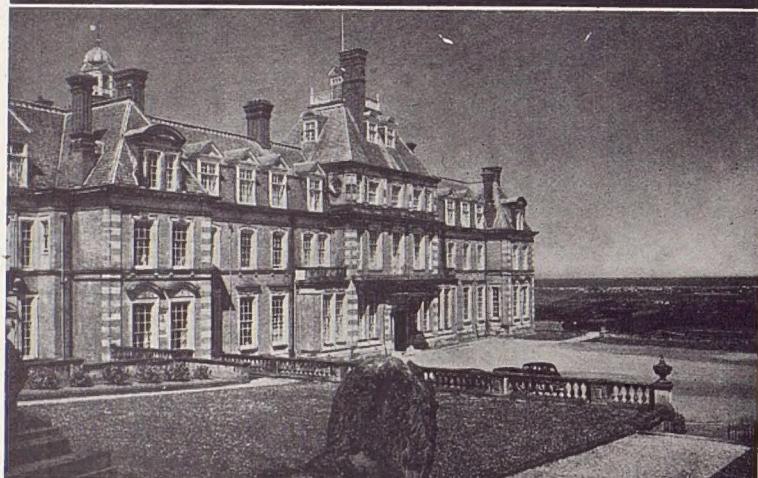
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The TATLER

Vol. CXLIII. No. 1866. London, March 31, 1937

POSTAGE: Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. Price One Shilling



LADY FEVERSHAM

Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street

Before her marriage, which took place on May 9, 1936, in York Minster, Lady Feversham was the Hon. Anne Wood. Her father, Lord Halifax, besides being Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Lords, is Joint Master of the Middleton. Her husband is also Joint Master of a Yorkshire pack, the Sinnington, as well as Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries. Lady Feversham does not allow her many social undertakings to crowd out good causes, and she is Chairman of the Committee organising the Coronation Ball which is to be held at Grosvenor House on May 10 in aid of the London Child Guidance Clinic



INVITED TO TAKE PART IN THE CORONATION

Lady Elizabeth Paget, second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey and niece of the Duke of Rutland, is reported to be among those invited by the Queen to carry Her Majesty's train in Westminster Abbey on May 12. Lady Elizabeth's father has been Lord Chamberlain to Queen Mary since 1922

"'Tis only when they spring to Heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you."—BROWNING.

EASTER has come and gone, with its ever wonderful message of eternal life, and its thoughts of those we have loved so dearly and for the moment lost. And once again it has been borne in upon us that often we have indeed "entertained angels unawares," but been the happier for their visit.

Spring is in our hearts and in our minds, we see the wonder of creation, the miracle of everlasting life, and we know that "Death was vanquished" on Easter Sunday nearly two thousand years ago. So for those we love both here and beyond and for ourselves we can say—

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.

* * *

Back from the Easter holiday—a brief interval of relief from balls, charity performances, gala first nights, and all the rest of those entertainments included in the "social programme"—we start off again with dances for young people.

To-night (March 31) it's the turn of Mrs. Arthur Anderson, to-morrow Mrs. Percy Duke, and so on now for weeks on end.

Bank Holidays play "old Harry" with the printing of weekly papers, so you'll forgive me if "Panorama" takes you back to the events leading up to Holy Week, in which, with the exception of the Boat Race Eve Ball, there was no entertaining to speak of. Before that, however, there was the Grand National following on the Lincolnshire, dinner parties at Buckingham Palace, a Royal afternoon party (the second given within seven days), a film first night, and, of course, several inevitable dances for young people.

Lady Lisburne's dance for her daughter, Lady Honor Vaughan, was a huge success—if success is measured by a crowd of guests so great that part of the time it was almost impossible to move.

PANORAMA

Mrs. Baldwin's last "At Home" of the season was in the nature of a farewell party. Mr. Baldwin's retirement from the House of Commons seems to be pretty definitely settled for the week following the Coronation. No doubt as an Earl (but not as Lord Cambridge and Baldwin!) he and Mrs. Baldwin will entertain frequently at the new house they have taken in Eaton Square. But the last of those pleasant Thursday afternoons, which Mrs. Baldwin has given at 10, Downing Street during February and March while her husband has been Premier, left guests with a feeling of sadness.

M.P.s came in good numbers to the party. Mrs. Baldwin, well supported by daughters, received with her usual



LADY DIANA DIXON

Preparing to go hunting with the County Down Staghounds. Clare Countess Cowley's elder daughter married Mr. Daniel Dixon, Grenadier Guards, four years ago. They often go over to Ulster to stay with Mr. Dixon's parents, Captain Herbert Dixon, Member for East Belfast in the Northern Ireland Parliament, and the Hon. Mrs. Dixon



GENERAL FRANCO EN FAMILLE

Nowadays General Franco has not much time for family affairs, but when this photograph was taken the redoubtable leader of the Spanish insurgents had snatched a few hours' leave from the front to see that all was well with his wife and little daughter, Carmen, to whom he is devoted

cordiality. Spring flowers filled the drawing-room, and Mrs. Frank D'Arcy arrived with a bouquet of lilies of the valley to add to the simpler flowers. Later on, no doubt, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain will carry on these entertainments, but guests who have enjoyed Mrs. Baldwin's hospitality will not easily forget her welcoming smile and the friendly atmosphere of her afternoon parties.

* * *
The second afternoon party at Buckingham Palace, although a little more formal than its predecessor mentioned last week, was equally as interesting.

Queen Mary, who has herself been hostess on several occasions at similar gatherings, was present, lending moral support to her son and daughter-in-law. The Duchess of Gloucester looked smart and

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ENGLAND'S VICTORIOUS RUGGER XV AND ITS RESERVES

Balmain

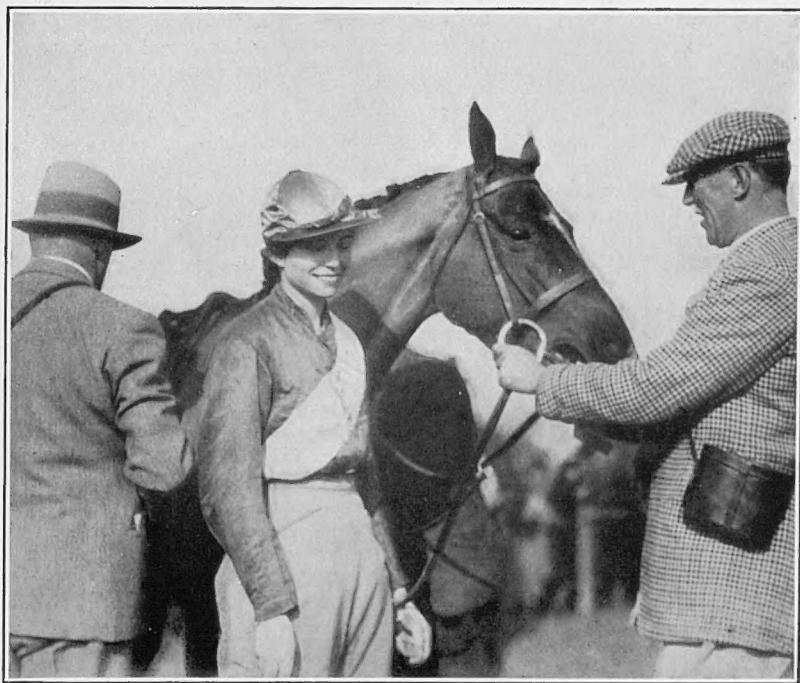
This interesting group was taken at North Berwick, where the England XV had a blow-through against its own reserves before going on to fight Caledonia stern and wild at Murrayfield for the Calcutta Cup and, incidentally, the Rugger Championship. They won both, and laid the Murrayfield bogey by 6 points to 3. Six times had England bitten the dust at the Scottish stronghold. This was the lucky seven.

The names in the picture, left to right, are: Back row—P. L. Candler, Prince Obolensky, reserve, J. G. Cook, F. J. Reynolds, R. Bolton, E. J. Unwin, H. F. Wheatley, A. Key, reserve, H. S. Sever, T. F. Haskins, reserve, R. J. Longland, G. T. Dancer, reserve, P. Cranmer, H. Wheatley, B. C. Gadney; Sitting—G. G. Gregory, reserve, W. H. Weston, T. F. Huskisson, H. G. Owen-Smith (Captain), J. G. Rogers, reserve, S. I. Howard Jones, reserve, H. B. Toft.



WITH THE ALDERSHOT DRAG

A snapshot taken the day these hounds met at Farnham, and, as usual, were a centre of attraction for the fair. Mr. D. Harrison and Mr. N. F. Crump, both 4th Hussars, are the present Joint-Masters. The gallery is, left to right: Miss Susan Petrie, a Coronation débutante, Miss Daphne Boddam-Whetham, and Mr. Arthur and Miss Pamela Boddam-Whetham, who are the step-children of Major-General Henry Newcome, late R.A.



AT THE TEME VALLEY POINT-TO-POINT

The "jockey" is Miss Kent, and the picture was taken just before she went out to ride Sir Robert Green-Price's "Mira" in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race at the joint meeting of the United and Teme Valley Hunts. The owner, who is a former Master of the Teme Valley, is on the left, and Lord Trevethin, who is Joint-Master of these hounds, is holding the steed's head. Lord Trevethin retired from the Army as a Lieut.-Colonel in the Royal Regiment

THE CINEMA

A Vexed Question

By JAMES AGATE

DR. BURGIN, Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, speaking at a dinner of the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association, said: "A prosperous film trade is a national necessity." There are lots of ways of looking at this, whether it is true or not. For myself I have long had no doubt that three things, and three only, keep this country from Revolution. The first is football pools; the second is greyhound racing, and the third is the pictures. Your immediate reply to that must be that, if my statement is true, this country is much nearer Revolution in the summer than it is in the winter. In my view, it is! There was a time when as a very young man I spent eight hours every day numbering tickets in the sample books of travellers in flannelette, and I doubt very much whether anything more tedious could be invented, since addressing envelopes, which is the nadir of human occupation on this globe, has at least the advantage of variety. At any rate, I would rather address letters to Mr. Smith at *Mon Repos* and Mr. Jones at *Mon Abri*, and so on, than copy out the same numbers over and over again. Besides, I believe that the fact that Mr. Smith lives at *Mon Repos* would ultimately vanish from one's memory, whereas the pattern of a particular flannelette, pink with a blue stripe and numbered 227, will be with me till my dying day! Yet I would willingly endure this tedium, and throw in a visit to the dentist as well, provided I knew I was going to the pantomime in the evening. So it is with the young people of to-day. Some of them stand shivering at the corner of the streets, and you can hear people say: "Poor fellows, they have nothing to look forward to except the dole!" That is not true. They are looking forward to the dole on Friday, but to-night, Wednesday, they are going to the pictures. I remember motor-ing through Mountain Ash, that indescribably dingy Welsh village with the inescapably lovely name. Nobody was working, and one realised that the one thing which relieved the universal gloom was the prospect of attending that night's showing of *Passion in Seville*. Yes! I quite agree with Dr. Burgin that films are a national necessity because I am per-suaded that only Miss Shirley Temple stands between both of us and the guillotine.

But Dr. Burgin said more than that films are a national necessity. He said that what was necessary to this country is a prosperous film trade. I suppose this is true in the sense in which prosperous coal, iron, and cotton trades are necessities. So far as I understand these things a country must pay for its imports by its exports, the alternative being either to make for itself the things it imports or to do without them altogether. I do not know how big the picture industry is—they say that in America it is the third largest in the country. If this, or anything like it, is true over here, then for the life of me I do not see how we can suddenly start exporting sufficient hair-brushes or hot-water bottles to pay for the enormous number of pictures the nation insists on seeing. And, of course, to give them up is out of the question. But what does "a prosperous film trade" mean? It seems to me that what is meant is no more and no less than what would be meant by the statement: "A prosperous champagne trade is a national necessity." Always provided that the national need for champagne had been agreed upon. There is only one way in which an English champagne trade could prosper, and that is if it made champagne equal to the best foreign brands. Now an Englishman might be as skilful a manufacturer of champagne as any Frenchman's widow. But would his wine be as good if he were compelled to make it out of grapes grown at Slough? I doubt it. Similarly, I doubt whether the cleverest English directors are ever going to produce films as good as those which come to us from abroad. England has produced any number of first-class actresses, but she has not yet produced a film star comparable with Mary Pickford, Pauline Frederick, Pola Negri, Norma Talmadge, Marie Dressler, Janet Gaynor, Ruth Chat-terton, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer.



SKATES AND SCREEN: SONJA HENIE AND TYRONE POWER

Sonja Henie is the Olympic lady champion skater who abandoned amateurism for Hollywood, and is winning laurels as a film star. She is seen with Tyrone Power, also a power of the screen, arriving for a dinner in Los Angeles

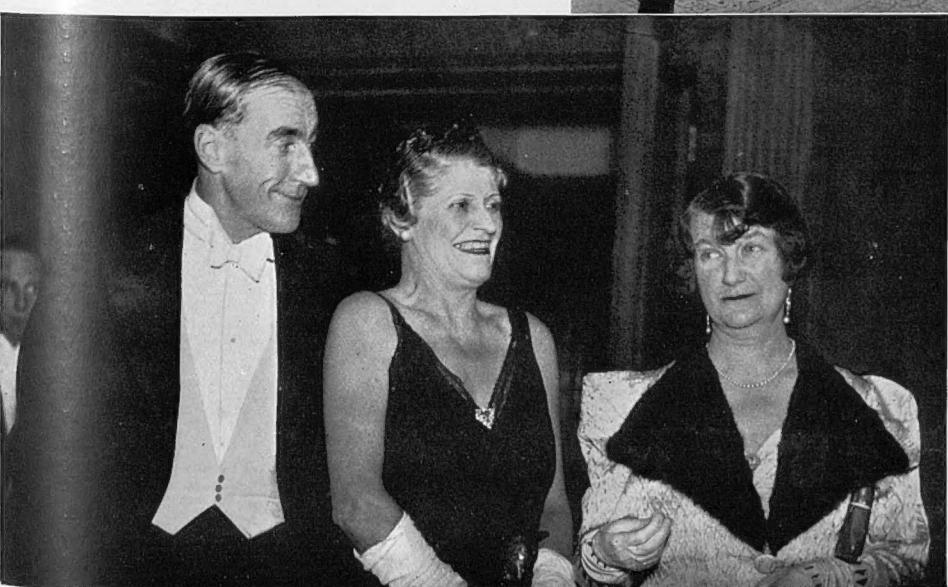
Katharine Hepburn, Elisabeth Bergner. In fact, I cannot think of any English film actress of the first rank, though there are those who loudly praise Miss Jessie Matthews. England has produced any number of first-class actors, but with one exception she has not yet produced a film-star comparable with Charlie Chaplin, whose achievement is wholly American, John Barrymore, Emil Jannings, Max Linder, Rudolph Valentino, Wallace Beery, Richard Barthelmess, Adolphe Menjou, Walter Huston, Charles Farrell, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Fred Astaire. The one possible exception is Mr. Laughton. But one swallow does not make a summer, and one Laughton cannot make a film industry. The trouble, as I see it, is that film acting is not acting as the English have hitherto understood the art. Great film acting requires three things. First and foremost an enormous personality; second, photographability; third, acting talent. Irving had the first and third qualities, and if he had had the second, which we cannot know, would have been a colossal film-star. Since Irving we have had only Laughton among the actors, and nobody at all among the actresses, who can give our directors the essential raw material. The main fault with the English players is lack of personality, and I cannot see how this is to be got over. You may walk the streets of London for a month and not see man, woman, or child whom you *must* look at again. Whereas I imagine that every American director has acquired the neck of a ventriloquist's dummy through being forced to screw it round to look.

Even little Miss Deanna Durbin, in *Three Smart Girls* at the Gaumont, whose pretty voice is almost entirely marred by the abominable crooner's habit of scooping up to every note, was better when she faced her first camera than all the young ladies our home industry has so industriously turned out. She has a great deal of charm and will obviously be an actress and a film-star some day. Whereas I can think of no young English actress who has the remotest chance of ever being a film star. Except in England! I must say that I thought *Three Smart Girls* an entirely delightful film.

A CHESHIRE OCCASION: THE DERBY HOUSE BALL

MAJOR FETHERSTONHAUGH
AND THE HON. RUTH LEVERADMIRAL WILMOT NICHOLSON, MRS. ANDY GRANT, MRS.
WILMOT NICHOLSON AND MAJOR-GEN. SIR E. SWINTONMISS DIANA TYRRELL-MARTIN
AND MR. DENIS WEBBTHEY ARE ENGAGED: THE HON.
PHILIP LEVER AND MISS ANN MOON

(RIGHT) COL. SIR J. SHUTE AND MRS. F. WILSON

MISS BETTINE JAMES AND MR. JAMES
KENYON SIT BACK AND LOOK ABOUT

MR. GEOFFREY SHAKESPEARE, MRS. GIRARDET AND MRS. SHAKESPEARE

People who wanted to go dancing in the evenings as well as 'chasing at Aintree had many good parties to choose from last week. One of them was the Derby House Ball, in aid of the Liverpool branch of the British Legion. By kind permission of Lord Leverhulme it was held at his Cheshire home, Thornton Manor, near Wirral, and members of his family helping to make things go with a swing included his elder daughter, the Hon. Ruth Lever, and his only son. The engagement of the Hon. Philip Lever to Miss Ann Moon, only daughter of Mr. John Moon, of Bebington, Cheshire, was announced at the end of February. Colonel Sir John Shute was Chairman of the Ball Committee and received the guests, together with Mrs. Frank Wilson, wife of the Lord Mayor of Liverpool. Sir John represents the Exchange Division of Liverpool in Parliament and is a former President of the Liverpool Cotton Association. Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton, another notable supporter of the Derby House Ball, is Colonel Commandant of the Royal Tank Corps. Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare became Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education last year after holding the same office in the Ministry of Health.

He is National Liberal Member for Norwich

Photographs by Swaebe



THE ROYAL BOX AT AINTREE IN HAPPY MOOD

His Majesty was seeing the "National" for the first time, but he was surrounded in the Royal Box by racing knowledge and experience. Their Majesties were in holiday mood, and the camera has caught a very cheerful moment. In the front row are: Lady Stanley, Their Majesties, and Lord Derby. Behind the King are Lord Stanley, Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Mr. Percy Whitaker; behind Lord Derby is the ever-popular veteran, Steve Donoghue

THE conditions and racing at Lincoln can no doubt be better imagined than described, and as experience had taught me the wisdom of non-attendance I shall leave the meeting to the imagination. The form of the two-year-olds, I should guess, should not be taken too seriously, first, because it is unlikely that anything very good ran there, and, secondly, because after their gruelling races they may very easily not reproduce the form again. Liverpool was lucky in having only showers on the first day and the remaining two days with very good visibility. Their Majesties only attended on the second day, and so missed seeing their two-year-old Jubilee win the Molyneux, a nice race for Willie Jarvis to kick off with. The form of this race varies a great deal, sometimes being worthless and at other times a good guide for the next three months. The winner is a nice, powerful, lengthy youngster, and I should like to take a very short price that all the first six win races in the next two months. The National itself was won by a good horse faultlessly trained and ridden. He is owned by one of the best sportsmen and men to hounds in England, whom I saw vainly trying to fight his way through the mob and the police to get to his horse to lead him in. Not quite a true type of Liverpool horse, he is all wire and whip-cord, and I should say the most placid animal at home. There was, of course, the usual, or perhaps more than the usual, amount of bad luck in the race owing to the number of loose horses which didn't seem to get out of the course so freely as usual. Cooleen and Pucka Belle were both hampered by a loose horse grabbing at them, but I doubt whether they would have altered the verdict even had they not been interfered with. On the other hand, look at the counterbalancing good luck in that neither that charming American, Mr. Street, nor the sporting Jamaica planter came back feet first. The latter was described in one of the Sunday papers as the bravest man who had ever ridden over Liverpool. I do not in any way wish to minimise his courage, but it is no walk-over for him with Mr. Street, who wasted off a stone and a half to ride an animal who insists on looking at you over the top of his head. Having in addition a rooted aversion to starting, Mr. Street had the added misfortune of having to jump his fences entirely

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

alone with no chance of doing any good, even if he didn't rub himself out altogether.

My selection, Didoric, jumped like a buck till he met one wrong and he finished at the "Chair" with his pilot hanging like a locket round his neck.

The evening scene at the premier caravanserai didn't seem to me to have any of the humour it did in years gone by in the days of Sam Pickering and Co. It may be Anno Domini, but sheer breakage never did appeal to my perhaps pawky ideas, though one can't help rather sympathising with the gent who pushed over the first table on receipt of a bill for £54 odd for dinner for seven!! It was at once altered to less than half, but not before several other tables had followed suit, and finally every one that the waiters couldn't save. The last table was held to the end by a matelot, one of England's sea dogs, who stuck to his sinking beer with the utmost tenacity till the table was whisked away by waiters. Then he made his way to higher ground on the bandstand through a sea of broken glass. One of the chief smashers was a gent with a large moustache, which, owing to his having omitted to remove the signs of heavy osculation, gave him the appearance of an Airedale who had got at a pot of ram's raddle, but in company with most of the others he was, I think, in no way connected with racing. Through all the din Owen's Welsh revivalist meeting continued undisturbed. The last day is about the best day's racing of the meeting. Beachway won the Liverpool Hurdle for Mr. Rank with ease, and in a grand light for seeing Airgead Sios (What does it mean and how do you pronounce it?) put up the most faultless display of jumping to win the Champion in a trot. Morse Code smudged the first fence from the roots, but all his jockey did was to look round to see how big a hole he had made. It is really sinful and, in addition, very stupid and short-sighted of bookmakers to offer the famine prices they do about maidens over this course.

In the morning I was taken to see how the wealth of this prosperous city is made through the medium of wheat. To my astonishment I found the wheat market entirely run by Gentiles, a fact which leads me to believe that there can't be so very much in it after all. The principle of the thing,

(Continued on p. ii)

ADELPHYSIOGNOMY

MISS KAY STAMMERS AND SIR ALFRED
McALPINESTEVE DONOGHUE, MRS. DOROTHY THOMAS
AND MR. SIDNEY WILKINSONLORD AND LADY WEYMOUTH
AT DINNERMISS EVERY FINLAYSON AND
MR. M. HAMILTON - CAMPBELLMR. L. S. HOLMES AND
MRS. J. HUTCHINSONMR. J. MAUDE AND MISS HENRIETTE
CADOGANMR. AND MRS. PETER
WIGGIN

A page of well-known faces from that centre of Grand National rejoicing, the Adelphi Hotel at Liverpool. This rendezvous is annually the scene of considerable revelry after the great race, and the people portrayed above were there on this occasion. Miss Kay Stammers, our charming tennis crack, was dining with Sir Robert McAlpine, who is a son of the first baronet, the founder of the famous engineering firm that bears his name. "Steve" was condoling with Mr. Sidney Wilkinson, whose Don Bradman had some of the bad luck of the race, but this did not, apparently, depress the owner unduly. Miss Finlayson and Mr. Hamilton-Campbell are engaged; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Finlayson, of Merchiston Castle, Renfrewshire. Miss Cadogan is a relative of Lord Cadogan; she was with Mr. John Maude, who is related to Cyril Maude, the famous actor. Mrs. Wiggin is the former Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth; her sister was also there that evening and is seen on another page of this issue. Lord Elveden, Lord Iveagh's heir, married Lord Listowel's youngest sister last year.

LORD AND LADY
ELVEDEN

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER LUNCH TOGETHER: ERIC LINKLATER AND JONATHAN CAPE

It is safe to assume that when a very well-known author and a very well-known publisher find themselves side by side at a luncheon party, books crop up in conversation. "Juan in China" is Eric Linklater's latest contribution to the library lists, and the countless admirers of "Juan in America" will find it just what they have been waiting for.

The Tragedy of King Edward VIII.

AFTER reading Mr. Hector Bolitho's frank and intimate study of "Edward VIII.: His Life and Reign" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), one feels that the whole sad, disappointing and tragic situation into which the ex-King plunged the nation can best be summed up in the words of the ex-Servicemen, for whom he did so much and promised so much more. They said, with simple truth: "We had to give up our girls and leave our wives for our country." "The magnitude of his world compared with the simplicity of theirs," Mr. Bolitho justly adds, "made no difference to the issue on the basis of character." Which is the tragic truth, alas! And, from a psychological point of view, the question of the problem of the change in the ex-King's character for a short time before he ascended the Throne and after he became King provides the main interest of this study of his reign. His friendship with Mrs. Ernest Simpson had, we read, distressed and saddened the life of his father some time before he died, "and the Prince's presence in his father's house brought little peace." Only the warmth of the devotion which the Silver Jubilee had let loose comforted King George during the last months of his life. "Queen Mary was associated with her husband in the new, calm devotion which the Jubilee had inspired. She was described in an American journal as 'one of the few altogether admirable figures of our time.'" This was the closing theme of their story together. They shared distress and disappointment over their son, but they were consoled by the knowledge that their married life together had taught the world a lesson—"a lesson which spread out to the farthest edges of civilisation."

The Empire hoped against hope that the new King would continue to uphold this great tradition. Only those behind the scenes lived in fear. They knew too much. Nevertheless, King Edward was able to declare to the nation that he was "resolved to follow in the way he [his father] has set before me." So, even in the hearts of those who knew the scandals which the American and foreign newspapers had related daily for months past, hope was reborn after the

new King's promises and patriotic utterances. But apparently, according to Mr. Bolitho, the disintegration of the King's character had already gone too far. From being kindness itself to those who served him, he became arrogant and harsh. "He had never been a liberal spender, and, with the acquisition of great lands and houses and fortune, he became curiously parsimonious. Old servants were dismissed from Sandringham, expenses were pared, and new, hard economies were introduced, revealing eccentricity rather than ordinary meanness. . . . It seemed that his judgment was no longer calm and, instead of finding peace and grace in his infatuation, he found only a means of bringing distress to his staff and disappointment to the servants who had always found him, in the past, to be a considerate and friendly master. He became a piteous figure as he estranged himself from those who served him and who had respected him. . . . The campaigns of scandal in the foreign Press slowly percolated throughout England, and by the end of the summer a sense of insecurity was spreading into the country."

The end of this tragedy is now, of course, historical. Mr. Bolitho tells the story simply and, it seems to me, with absolute fairness. Oh, the golden promise of the earlier years! Alas! the final scene "when the exiled King wanders through the vast, empty rooms of the Schönbrunn Palace, free of the 'golden yoke of sovereignty' and alone with his failure." And just the reason of this failure is one of the most mysterious sides of the tragedy. Mr. Bolitho traces it through the changeful, uncertain background in front of which the King moved as Prince of Wales through most of his character-forming years. The success of his many and prolonged Dominion visits, while they were of inestimable value to the Empire, were almost too successful, from the point of view of character-deepening. And there were too many of them, culminating as they did in a lengthy visit to India and the East. As Prince of Wales, the ex-King was never left sufficiently alone by his Government to make his own personal background under the wise, steady influence of his parents. He was for too long and too often the centre of a cheering throng. No young man's character could come through such continuous adulation unscathed if his personal character were to send down those roots which help the tree during the great emergencies of our lives, and which, if they are not there, leave us the flotsam and jetsam of our more superficial inclinations. His second visit to America did not repeat the personal triumph of the first. His democratic manner only invited the snobs to climb more successfully. He lived so much in the turmoil of changing scenes and personalities that he too often failed to differentiate the wheat from the chaff in men and women. He returned from the war restless, spiritually disillusioned, as all his generation returned. In the most formative years of his life he had force to live too often and too long in the limelight of cheering crowds, which can so easily express popularity without esteem.

These are some of the reasons which Mr. Bolitho puts forward as the main cause, if not altogether the excuse, of King Edward VIII.'s subsequent actions. And, indeed, as one reads of the fineness of his earlier years as Prince of Wales, some such solutions are demanded. Happily, the greater part of this interesting study deals with the story of these earlier years. And an inspiring story in patriotism and Princeship it is! This is history which will linger in men's minds when all else is deliberately forgotten. For, as Mr. Bolitho writes: "We have emerged far enough from the events of December to realise that the authors of the future will not write

(Continued on page 568)



Pearl Freeman
SUSAN GILLESPIE

Whose third novel, "Cantonment," was recently published. Susan Gillespie, the wife of Squadron Leader J. W. Turton-Jones, R.A.F., at present commanding No. 19 Fighter Squadron, is herself taking to flying. She hunts, breeds cockers and has travelled all over the world. A trek of five and a half weeks alone with coolies took her from India to Leh, in Lesser Tibet. Recently she went to Montreal in a Dutch freighter. Her grandmother was a Greek, and she is a direct descendant through her father of Judge John Bradshaw, who tried King Charles I.

FROM THERE AND HERE!



AT LEOPARDSTOWN: MR. OLIVER MORROGH-RYAN, LADY NELSON, SIR ANTHONY LINDSAY-HOGG AND MISS JOAN CRAWSHAW



Photos. : Poole; Dublin
AND MISS MARION WYLIE, MR. JUSTICE CONOR MAGUIRE,
MRS. CONOR MAGUIRE AND MR. JUSTICE WYLIE

Owing to the St. Patrick's Day meeting at Baldoyle being cancelled, the course being a good imitation of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans rolled into one, Leopardstown had the honour of opening the flat-racing season in Ireland, and in the two pictures above are some of the celebrities who were there. Lady Nelson is the air-minded wife of Sir James, who is one of the big supporters of the "green" turf. Miss Crawshaw is Sir James Nelson's niece, and Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg was on a flying visit. As to the other picture, Mr. Justice Conor Maguire is the new President of the Irish Free State High Court. Miss Marion Wylie is the daughter of Mr. Justice Wylie, the redoubtable Master of The Ward



AT THE ACHILLES BALL AFTER THE INTER-'VARSITY SPORTS

Achilles was far from sulking in his tent either during or after the contest on the ringing plains of the windy White City. The ball of the Achilles Club at 16, Bruton Street was well attended and most cheerful. Above are the officials of the Club with friends. A. G. K. Brown, the record-breaking Cambridge quarter-miler (he ran on this occasion 1-5th second better than in winning his A.A.A. Championship last year and 3-5ths better than his own record for the meeting), can be seen third from the right in the back row behind E. B. Teesdale, the Oxford President. The lady on his right is Miss Mary Armstrong, his fiancée. Cambridge squandered the opposition by 9 events to 2

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

upon the romantic theme of a King who gave up his throne for love, so much as upon the man of promise who came to disaster through the slow disintegration of his character: disintegration which was hastened by the perpetual frustration which he suffered. That the circumstances of his life contributed to this end, circumstances often beyond his control, will be conceded, but people of the future will doubtless comprehend Mr. Baldwin's mind when he said, after the King's message had been read: 'Sir, no more grave message has ever been received by Parliament, and no more difficult—and I may almost say repugnant—task has ever been imposed upon a Prime Minister.' However, the one great consolation, now all is over and done with, lies in the fact of our national luck in having as the ex-King's successor a new King and Queen whose outlook and characters appear to approximate so greatly to the ideal set up and lived up to by King George V. and Queen Mary. King Edward VIII.'s short reign was tragedy for the country, but happily it has not meant disaster.

Mr. Priestley on America.

"Midnight on the Desert" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.) is

the perfect companion-book to his famous "English Journey."

This time, however, the scene is America. Some travellers only see Life and the World as a series of painted, animated scenes, like a film-play, backed by studio scenery. They grasp no psychological significance behind the story;

the "genius" of a place or a country escapes them utterly. Mr. Priestley is not in this category. Maybe one of the reasons for this is that his main attention is concentrated not on what he is shown officially, but as the life presented reacts favourably or unfavourably on the Little People. I mean, the ordinary man and woman in the crowd. "My profession as novelist and dramatist," he writes, "made me think a good deal about real people. In our highly organised urban life of to-day we tended to think of people more and more as abstractions, as customers, passengers,

functions, and what not, and not as real people. My profession prevented me from falling into this error. And I had been recently much impressed by the fact that, in spite of all our immense resources, people in the mass were not leading very full and happy lives. This fact was tremendously important to me, because I still believe in the supreme significance of the individual. I might be in favour of very elaborate and advanced forms of co-operation, but nevertheless I believed in the individual. I disliked the notion that the State was somehow of more importance than the sum total of the individuals in it. I made a distinction between the State and the community."

And one of his main discoveries in America is the extraordinary preponderance of what I will call the mass-type—so much admired in modern Russia that



TO BE MARRIED IN APRIL: MR. DONALD NICOL AND MISS ROSAMOND BARNARD

Their wedding is fixed to take place at Withersdone Hall, Wye, on April 3rd. It is the seat of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Barnard. Mr. Nicol is a subaltern in the 1st Black Watch and is home on leave from the Sudan. He is the stepson of The MacLachlan of MacLachlan and a grandson of The Macpherson of Cluny

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And one of his main discoveries in America is the extraordinary preponderance of what I will call the mass-type—so much admired in modern Russia that

the Soviet is forming itself on American standards. "In almost all but his theories," we read, "the average modern American is the collective man. His impulsive advances seem to be always away from that famous individualism. He has no objection to mass movement. Nearly everything he does is being done about the same time by a million others. He likes doing exactly what all the others are doing. So does his wife. That is why America is the country of awful flops and sudden gigantic successes: fifty books will lie down and quietly die, while the fifty-first will sell by the hundred thousand, go raging through the land like a plague." It is the awful mass-production of modern commercial life brought into the realms of thought, morality, social behaviour. Psychological development by advertisement. I wish that Mr. Priestley would go on writing travel-books annually. He makes the alien scene more vivid, more profound and significant than any other writer I know. He delves behind the façade to watch the ordinary people in their daily round, and when all the sights have been done, it is the crowd, and especially the ordinary individuals, which make up that crowd and yet are separate from it, which forms the sum-total of national success or failure. The last part of the book deals with his own conception of Time and Space as they affect not only this life but the Life Hereafter—maybe. It brings to an end one of the most interesting books which Mr. Priestley has ever written.

Thoughts from "Midnight on the Desert."

"The folk who are the salt of the earth are those who settle in one place, whether town or country, and make it their own, finally leaving it much better than they found it."

"Unlike readers of books, the theatrical public has no loyalty to its authors; only to its actors."

"Life plus art is a durned sight more fun than life without art."

"We cannot seek grace through gadgets. We can be just as unhappy in spun-glacé trousers as we were in worsted ones. In a bakelite house the dishes may not break, but the heart can."

"It seems to me that the orthodox Communist finds himself on a hopelessly narrow basis for real living."

A "Funny" Side of Russia.

Miss E. M. Delafield's American publisher, over cock-tails and caviare, told her to go to Russia, live on a communal farm, and write with a "humorous slant" all about it. The result is a most entertaining account called

"Straw Without Bricks" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). But the funniest part has got little to do with Russia, only with the writer's fellow-tourists and herself. Of real Russian life she is more informative than amusing. As an individualist, I suppose, life in modern Russia must be very unfunny indeed. The more I read about it, the more unutterably soul-dreary it appears. Estimable in many respects, undoubtedly; but never soul-satisfying, never entertaining. However, Miss Delafield has done her best about it, and if her new book would have been just as amusing had it dealt with Nova Scotia and a party of tourists who found themselves there, she does give us some vivid pictures of labourwards in maternity hospitals, women in iron foundries, love in the Soviet ideal, and the same grim uniformity of every mental slant which is not deliberately jeering at old traditions. But the amusing parts are very amusing indeed.



REAR-ADmiral AND MRS. LACHLAN D. I. MACKINNON

A snapshot taken when they were on their way back from a holiday in Jamaica. The Admiral is a kinsman of Lord Dundonald, and was a Naval A.D.C. to the late King George V. He is awaiting a new appointment. Mrs. Mackinnon is a collateral descendant of Nelson



Peter Clark
IN "RETREAT FROM FOLLY,"
AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE :
MARIE TEMPEST AND PETER
COKE (AS HER SON, DEREK)

The scene in which Marie Tempest is portrayed is one of the tense ones in this good play. Derek (Peter Coke) has just told Flora Lowell (Marie Tempest) that the car he has sold her is a stolen one. She is his mother, only he does not know it. This goddess out of the machine part suits Marie Tempest wonderfully. It is filling the Queen's Theatre. Lilian Braithwaite's most amusing exposition of a meddlesome cat of a woman, one Aunt Miranda, in "Bats in the Belfry," at the Ambassadors, is the best cure for heavy depression in all London. A quite inimitable bit of characterisation. The "Great Possessions" snapshot depicts the Oxford Group youth and his "rescuer," who is a far nicer girl than he deserves. Geoffrey Keen is a son of the late Malcolm Keen, the very famous actor



Sasha
IN "BATS IN THE BELFRY": LILIAN BRAITHWAITE
(AUNT MIRANDA) AND IVOR BARNARD (THE RECTOR)



Houston Rogers
IN "GREAT POSSESSIONS": MR. GEOFFREY
KEEN AND MISS JANE WELSH



THE LATE HARRY VARDON

One of the greatest of all English golfers, Harry Vardon, died at his home, Oakdene, Whetstone, Middlesex, on March 21st. He was only sixty-six, but had been in failing health for some time. He was a model of style for all of us, and his record of six Open Championships is likely to stand for all time. He had been the South Herts Golf Club professional for very many years.

We could tell from the gentle persuasion with which he swung his club in his "sixties" what an artist he must have been, and we could understand, when we came to realise that in his younger days he could apply a tremendous physical power without losing that wonderful sense of rhythm, how he must have towered head and shoulders above the rest of the world. But we never saw in action the Vardon that men talked about.

"He did what only a very great player can do," wrote Mr. Bernard Darwin in the *Times*, "he raised the general conception of what was possible in his game and forced his nearest rivals to attain a higher standard by attempting that which they would otherwise have deemed impossible."

He won the Championship six times, which is one more than the record achieved by J. H. Taylor, James Braid, and Walter Hagen, but if he had not been stricken by illness at the beginning of this century there is no telling how many times he might, in the end, have won. Perhaps a dozen.

He was accepted as the supreme stylist of his day. For grace and precision his method has never been surpassed, though with the modern ball it finds little favour among the players of to-day. The first and undoubtedly greatest of the distinguished line of golfers that have hailed from the Channel Islands, he brought to England what became known as the "Jersey" swing. It was a steep, upright swing that seemed strange to the St. Andrews golfers, with their flat, sweeping method; but it was soon universally accepted as the standard copybook style—a model for all the world to imitate.

Now fashion has changed once again. Vardon's upright swing suited the guttie, which was difficult to elevate: with

CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST

THE name of Harry Vardon sinks at last into the legends of golf. And yet in a sense he was a legend in his lifetime, for none of my own generation had seen him in the days of his prime.

the lively ball that we use to-day, the difficulty is to keep it down. The flat swing has returned to its kingdom. The golfers of the present generation scarcely realise, I fancy, to what extent Vardon was a pioneer of the game. He blazed a trail in the United States from which has arisen not only one of the most popular games in the world, but a vast commercial industry. On his first tour, which began in January 1900, and lasted—except for a brief interval in which he returned for an unsuccessful defence of his Championship title at St. Andrews—for more than a year, he travelled 20,000 miles. Golf was in its infancy in the United States, but, as tales of his prowess spread, more and more people came to the primitive courses to watch him play.

The fact that he scored consistently well on fairways that resembled the rough of to-day and greens scarcely worthy of the name of fairway is an eloquent tribute to the basic perfection of his method.

When he gave an exhibition of mashie shots in a net in a Boston store, such a clamour arose when he tried to stop that he was compelled to continue, with short intervals for rest, for the best part of a day. By the end of his demonstration every golf club, not only in the store, but in the whole of Boston, had been sold.

Playing two rounds a day and travelling overnight for months on end, he kept his form, his enthusiasm, and his temper. Therein perhaps lies the secret of his success. He hit the ball a little better than any of his rivals, but golf is not alone a physical game. He was supreme in the mental aspect as well. He had the perfect golfing philosophy. When he had a bad hole, he did what most of us try so unsuccessfully to do: he put it out of his mind. "It's gone," he used to say to himself. "It's no use worrying. Forget it—and get on with the game."



WALTER HAGEN

An impression by "Mel" of the ex-champion of the U.S.A. and ex-British Open Champion, who is to be the non-playing captain of the U.S.A. Ryder Cup team

To the end of his days he maintained that golf lost most of its artistry with the introduction of the rubber-cored ball. He told me his views. He was perfectly logical: it was not that, like many past-masters, he lived only in the past.



MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN AND MR. B. H. VALENTINE IN THE "BYSTANDER" OPEN AMATEUR TROPHY

Both of these celebrities are Kent cricketers and A.P.F. an ex-captain of All-England. The "Bystander" £500 Trophy Open Amateur Competition was played at Felixstowe and was a bumper success

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



BROOKMANS PARK GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

Brookmans Park lies just off the Great North Road, half-way between Potters Bar and Hatfield. It includes two very old estates, Gobions (which was previously More Hall) and Brookmans. In the reign of Henry VIII. More Hall was owned by Sir John More, father of Sir Thomas More, the Merry Monarch's famous Chancellor. Sir Thomas never came into possession, but it is said that he wrote "Utopia" there. Lady More, to whom the manor had passed as jointure, was turned out by Henry when Sir Thomas More was executed, but Queen Elizabeth returned the estate to the More family in later years. The Club House of Brookmans Park is the stables of the ancient manor. The length of the course is just under 6300 yards, it is extremely well designed, with but few bunkers, and these very well placed. Bogey is 74

POINT-TO-POINT PATRONS



AT THE PUCKERIDGE POINT-TO-POINT: LADY PATRICIA MACKEY
WITH MR. T. T. STREETER AND MR. W. H. SUBBARD



MR. ROBERT BATT AND MR. AND MRS. EVAN GIBBS,
WERE ALSO AT THE PUCKERIDGE POINT-TO-POINT



IN EXCELSIOR COATS: MISS R.
SCROPE AND MISS E. MORTANT



CAPTAIN D. BOWDEN, LORD TREVETHIN, M.P.H., CAPTAIN J. R. H.
HARLEY, M.P.H., AND SIR ROBERT GREEN-PRICE



MISS DIANA DE HOUGHTON
AND SIR GERALD GROVE

There is always a spate of Point-to-Points during the last weeks of March. Lord Inchcape's eldest daughter, Lady Patricia Mackay, was at Brackenhurst, in Herefordshire, for the Puckeridge Meeting, which opened with the Members' Light-Weight Race, won by Mr. T. T. Streeter's Crusader II. (lower up). Then came a very pleasant little ceremony: Robert Gardiner, the racing huntsman, was presented with a cheque for over £1000 as a token of appreciation of his forty-one years' fine and faithful service. The three bottom photographs here were taken when the United and Teme Valley Hunts held a joint meeting at Brampton Bryan, the Herefordshire home of Captain J. R. H. Harley, senior Joint-Master of the Teme Valley. Captain Harley's colleague in office is Lord Trevethin (formerly Lt.-Col. the Hon. Trevor Lawrence), who succeeded to the title last August. Major Sir Robert Green-Price, of Giverniel, in Rutlandshire, is a former Master. Miss Phoebe Scrope comes from Yorkshire, Miss Elizabeth Monson from Hampshire, and Sir Gerald Grove from the West Country. Miss Diana de Hoghton is a granddaughter of Sir James de Hoghton, of Hoghton Tower, in Lancashire.



Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

TO BE PRESENTED BY LADY CAMBRIDGE: MISS JANE LANE

Miss Jane Lane, daughter of Squadron-Leader R. C. Lane and Mrs. Lane, is a great-great-granddaughter of the last Duke of Cambridge, her mother being a daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge. Miss Lane has already been concerned with various débutante doings, and before the Marchioness of Cambridge presents her at Court, she is to share a coming-out dance with Miss Dheirdre Hornsby, Captain and Mrs. J. A. Hornsby's daughter. The dance, which is being given jointly by Mrs. Hornsby and Squadron-Leader Lane, is to be on May 3 at 29, Chesham Place



AT AINTREE'S FIRST DAY

LORD NORMANTON AND
MRS. PRIOR-PALMERWHAT ABOUT "THE MILLER"?:
THE HON. DOROTHY PAGETLADY URСLA FILMER-SАНKEY
AND A FRIENDMISS DIANA CLARK AND
MR. TEDDY LAMBTONLADY STAVORDALE, LADY WEYMOUTH, LORD
STAVORDALE AND LORD WEYMOUTHMRS. HAROLD BAINS AND
LADY SIBELL LYGON

Nothing, bar one thing, was lacking to make the opening day at Aintree a success. His Majesty was not there to see his two-year-old Jubilee, a Sandringham-bred one, win the Molyneux Stakes like a real good colt. He does not mark to his grey sire, Mr. Jinks, as he is a chestnut and his dam is by the defunct Colorado. As to the personalities in this page, Mrs. Prior-Palmer, who is with Lord Normanton, who used to be in the Blues, had one running in the Stanley 'Chase and it fell. Miss Dorothy Paget had Re-insured in that race, but it is almost incalculable odds that she was thinking of another of her horses when the camera opened fire. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey was, of course, in her father, the Duke of Westminster's party, which numbered about forty. Miss Diana Clark is Lady Eileen Chappell's daughter by her first marriage and a cousin of young Lord Ranfurly. Mr. Teddy Lambton is a son of the Hon. George and Mrs. Lambton. Lord Stavordale, who is in the group with his wife and Lord and Lady Weymouth, is Lord Ilchester's son and heir, and Lady Sibell Lygon is one of Lord Beauchamp's daughters. Lady Beauchamp, who was a daughter of the late Earl Grosvenor, died last year.



GLORIOUS DEVON!: HOLBETON VILLAGE



ENDEAVOUR II. LAST AUTUMN: RACING IN TORBAY

Arthur Lamley

Both these pictures will make an instant appeal to every Devon man, woman and child, for its inhabitants are an intensely loyal and proud sect. Holbeton, the little South Devon village in the top picture is absolutely typical, and the lower one of Mr. Tommy Sopwith's *Endeavour II.*, taken when she was racing at the Torbay Regatta last season, will very soon be topical, for she is England's challenger for the *America's Cup* and may have to measure her speed with Mr. Harold Vanderbilt's new ship, *Ranger*, specially built at Bath, Maine, to defend that trophy which has never come back to this side of the Atlantic since the American schooner, *America*, took it away from us. It is expected that the first race will be sailed probably off Long Island on July 24, and our hopes are high that Mr. Sopwith's flyer will do that which her numerous predecessors have failed to do. Mr. Harold Vanderbilt sold *Rainbow*, the yacht which successfully defended the Cup against *Endeavour I.* in 1934, to Mr. Chandler Harvey, of Boston, and the new owner intends to race her against *Ranger* to see whether, after all, the new yacht has the right to pride of place

ENTERTAINMENTS

à la
CARTE

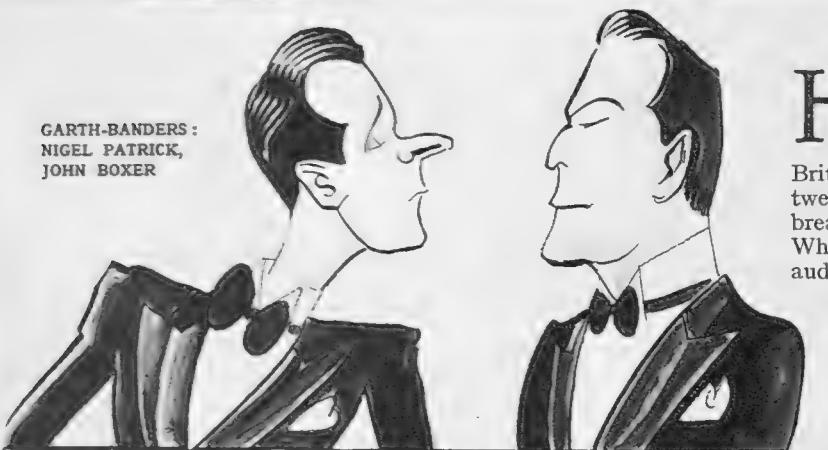
By
ALAN
BOTT

URGENT AND UNEASY LOVE :
RONALD WARD,
JANE BAXTER,
JOYCE BARBOUR

Loud Laughter

GARTH-BANDERS :
NIGEL PATRICK,
JOHN BOXER

MASTER AND MAIDS :
NOEL HOWLETT,
ANN CASSON,
IRENE HANDL



HAVING swallowed his sausage at breakfast, Garth-Bander père emerges from his *Times* only to meet haphazard question with vague answer, or to remark that he is going to the British Museum because he went there when he was twelve and has been meaning to go again. Before the breakfast is done with he need only ask "Who are What?", or deny that he has a headache, and his audience will laugh, chuckle or bray at the nature of the pleasant beast. So, also, with the mother in *George and Margaret*. It would be a fairly good line for any matron in comedy to say to a man, "Never get married if you're a woman." Or for a housewife, faced by a maid's complaint that she can't do everything at once, to remark, "I know you can't, but you don't even try." The point is that in this prime comedy at Wyndham's such lines are not pieces of bright dialogue tacked on to a passing situation, but irrelevancies entirely relevant to this particular Pater-and-Mater-familias in this particular household. The Garth-Banders, like the breakfast sausage, are like that.

The young would seem a bit less plausible than their parents if one stopped to think about it. Claude, eldest son and architect of genuinely fake-Tudor villas, drills Boy Scouts; and there is a whiff of facile manceuvre when, at the telephone, he pronounces, "Scoutmaster Garth-Bander speaking." Dudley, aged nineteen, is a student of music, but that much must be taken on trust: his personality justifies a bet of Beethoven against Billy Boy that he has next to no music in his soul, even though his friend and tutor Roger may be moved now and then by concord of strange sounds. Frankie, the twenty-two-year-old daughter in quest of the man she badly wants, says what she thinks and feels with bloodied emphasis, and thus far she is a stock modern type. But one does not stop to think that far, because the brilliant pattern of domestic quirks is enough.

The talk is of meals, cold bath-water, crazy bridge and Mother's kinks; of whether Frankie and Roger are you-know with each other and whether Claude does-you-know with the maid;

and of George and Margaret, the bores who are always coming but never manage to appear. It is smooth, apt talk with enough grain among its chaff. When emotion intrudes for a short while—Frankie's frantic pursuit of Roger, Claude's explanation of why he must marry the maid and settle in one of his new-old houses—it is as persuasive as the humour. This comedy by an unknown author, Mr. Guy Savory, is one of those rare half-miracles that happen in the theatre. In manuscript, it would hardly cause one reader in twenty to laugh aloud or one manager in a hundred to shout with optimistic joy. It waits for a year or so, gets produced in an emergency with a cast which, though clever, includes none of the names that bring queues to box-offices; and it is at once a riot.

Within the slight pattern, it would be difficult to go too far in praising Joyce Barbour's beautifully inconsequent Mother, Noel Howlett's dry-as-good-sherry Father, Jane Baxter's urgently-in-love Frankie, John Boxer's owlish but self-respecting Claude, and the maid by Ann Casson, who breathes character and common sense. Nigel Patrick uses a lively ease in backchat and Ronald Ward a steady manner. A good deal is owed to Richard Bird as producer. The two loudest laughs come from the new maid, who makes but two brief appearances in the last Act, and, without a word spoken, brings down the House with her attitudes and fantastic appearance. In this, the producer's hand is patent, although more than full marks should go to Irene Handl for her miming and her comic attitudes. While she did her stuff, I found myself swaying helplessly and hooting with laughter. This is *hors concours* as the funniest light comedy now to be seen in London.



IN AT THE DEATH :
JAMES CAREW,
EDWIN ELLIS,
HENRY WENMAN

TOM
TITT

More Wallace

AND still the Squeaker squeaks. He hardly ever creaks, notwithstanding the experiments with thrillers, grim and psychological, that have been made since Edgar Wallace. The great Edgar put it over his disciples and successors because, while dictating within a month some melodrama destined to run for fourteen, he could not help letting his relish for fruity people spice crooks and sleuths who in other hands would have been no more than contributors to violence and mystery. He gave full measure of action, surprise and suspense; and most often, with the generosity which he could seldom avoid, he threw in ripe character as bonus. So *The Squeaker* does more than intrigue us with its murder and mayhem and bigamy, its tensions and its problems of which is the Squeaker and which is the unknown Detective-Inspector. It also serves up, hot and steaming, a 'tec and a dirty dog who fairly tingle with mutual enmity, a night-club porter who is what Dickens might have made from a night-club porter, and the best crime-reporter ever imported by the theatre from Fleet Street.

The last-named, in the revival at the Strand, is played by Alastair Sims with grand gusto. Henry Wenman repeats his success as the porter. George Relph, Hartley Power and James Carew are suitably in the picture. Wallace heroines never loom large, but Jane Carr and Marcia Swinburne do well as wicked blonde and virtuous brunette. It seemed to me that the tempo was rather slower than in the original version, which had the effect of stressing the over-familiarity of devices like the doped wine-glass and the old-time private rooms in supper-clubs.

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER.—There have been several cases, fairly recently, of young girls who, suddenly, were discovered to be young boys. I am not, of course, alluding to Mr. Compton Mackenzie's "Extraordinary Women." And there was also at least one lad, it seems, who became, thanks to a surgeon's intervention, a pukka lady. I am led to believe that this poor devil only survived the operation by a few months, which only goes to prove what I have always thought, namely, that it is far more difficult to be a lassie, unless born to it, than a lad! But all these victims of Nature's playful little mistakes were young people, and young people have the reputation of welcoming any change or novelty that jolts them out of the beaten track. I wonder, therefore, how Mr. Laurence Housman, who already has a certain number of those years that are described as being of "discretion" behind him, enjoyed being called "Mme. Housman" by half a dozen of the leading dramatic critics of Paris!

If, as one suspects when reading his books, he is a humorist, he no doubt grinned and bore it with equanimity. Although, of course, I cannot apologise for my eminent confrères I can at least explain how such an error came about. The French equivalent of the Christian name of "Laurence" is "Laurent," and to French eyes, how can "Laurence" be anything else than the feminine counterpart of "Laurent." One hopes that "Mister" Laurence will accept this very simple explanation and forgive the mistake, that Mrs. Virginia Vernon will not slay the paragraph-writer who called her "Suzy Vernon," which happens to be the name of a film star, and that M. André Maurois does not object to reading that the play is called *Virginia Regina*—which was the amusing error of yet another journalist—for Virginia Vernon is truly a queen amongst collaborators, and it is a joy to work with her. (Here comes a brief interlude while Monsieur Lucien Besnard—*Journey's End*—and Monsieur Claude André Paget—*Private Lives*—ring up to say "Hear, hear!")

And, any way, how could any of the three happy people concerned be anything else than lenient when they are having such tremendous success. *Victoria Regina* has been played to crowded houses ever since the *répétition générale*, and has beaten all the box-office records of the Théâtre de la Madeleine, even the hitherto unbeatable one of Sacha Guitry.

Another English play that has started off well is *Love on the Dole* (*Rêves sans Provision*), which has been amputated from the English by Mme. Neveu and produced by Mlle. Alice Cocéa, who plays the leading part, at the Comédie des Champs Élysées.

At the first-night performance, one of the authors, Mr. Ronald Gow, was in the stage box with his young wife, Miss Wendy Hiller, who created the part in London and New York. They were "named" by Alice Cocéa at the end of the play, and had a very warm welcome from the audience.

I had the pleasure of meeting them during one of the intervals, and I thought they were a charming young couple. I liked Mr. Gow better than I like his play. It is too grim for an entertainment and, on the other hand, it neither makes nor mars. If it is supposed to teach us anything, then we have no right to sit in the stalls in comfort. We ought to rush out in the street



JEANNE AUBERT

A famous star of stage and screen who scores a nightly triumph at the Nouveautés in Rip's witty revue "Tout va très bien." Jeanne Aubert's latest film is "Une femme qui se partage." Needless to say, everyone in Paris is hurrying to see it



VIVIANE ROMANCE

Among the many clever young actresses to be found in France to-day, none is more charming than light-hearted Viviane Romance, whose screen success was as sudden as it was well deserved. To her, facing the film cameras is a much more exciting experience than any the legitimate can offer

and divide our fur coat with the first poor devil we meet . . . and in that case, what becomes of the play (to say nothing of the coat!).

Personally, I was not disturbed, and felt no urge to rush. But possibly this is because I have come across too many dole lizards who look the other way whenever they are offered a job, and have seen too many strikes engineered by a handful of malcontents against the wishes of the majority. . . . This, however, is "none of my onions," as we say over here. Switch off!

Très Cher, may I make a little announcement to owners of the various breeds of Scotch terriers, living in France, who may chance to see these lines. Here goes:

There is an Association, known as the A.T.E. (*Amateurs des Terriers d'Écosse*), affiliated to the *Société Centrale Canine* (that is, I believe, the French equivalent of the English Kennel Club), and to this "A.T.E." all good owners of Scotties, Skyes, Cairns, Dandie Dinmonts, West White Highlands . . . and any others I may have forgotten, ought to belong. The President is Mme. de Parceval, the secretary, M. Max Ecorcheville, and the address of the headquarters of the Club is 3, Rue de Choiseul, Paris, 2e.

The A.T.E.-ites are well represented at all the big shows over here, and a great many of them will be showing at Monte Carlo (April 4 and 5) and at Cannes (7 and 8). Would-be members in the South of France can obtain all information from Mme. Williams, Les Galets, Beaulieu-sur-Mer; while, in the North, there will be a very fine show at Lille (April 25), where Mr. Harry Williamson (122, Rue de Lille, Lambersart, Nord), who owns such lovely Skyes, also represents the A.T.E.

PRISCILLA.

SOME HOLLYWOOD SNAPSHOTS



MR. AND MRS. BERT WHEELER AND MR. AND MRS. ROBERT WOOLSEY

FRANCHOT TONE, SPENCER TRACY AND JEAN WOODBURY
IN "THEY GAVE HIM A GUN"MR. AND MRS. ADOLPHE MENJOU AND
MR. AND MRS. AL JOLSON

MR. AND MRS. FRED ASTAIRE AT SANTA ANITA



The camera roved widely in Hollywood in collecting these pictures. The Woolsey - and - Wheeler team were "taking a little something" at a cowboy party at the Racquet Club with their respective better halves, but Franchot Tone and Spencer Tracy were actually at work on the shooting of *They Gave Him a Gun*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, when the photographer crept among the movie cameras and made his own "shot." Woolsey and Wheeler are two of the most amusing people in all the film world. The Menjous and the Jolsons were at the "Turf" Ball at the Ambassadors, and so were Gloria Swanson and Edmund Goulding. Fred Astaire and his wife were watching the racing at Santa Anita.

ON RIGHT:
ERNST LUBITSCH,
GLORIA SWANSON
AND EDMUND
GOULDING

Photos.: Hyman Fink

AT THE WALRUS BALL



MR. LAWRENCE WHISTLER AND LADY HAMBLEDEN
WERE IN THE FINEST FETE AT SUPPER



MR. REX WHISTLER, LADY
MARY PAKENHAM, AND LORD
DAVID CECIL



LADY DAVID CECIL AND LORD HAMBLEDEN
WERE IN THE SAME LARGE SUPPER PARTY



F/O. AND MRS. DAVID
LLEWELLYN



LORD ERLEIGH AND THE HON. VICTORIA STANLEY



THE HON. HENRY ALLSOPP, BROTHER OF LORD
HINDLIP, AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN MORRISON

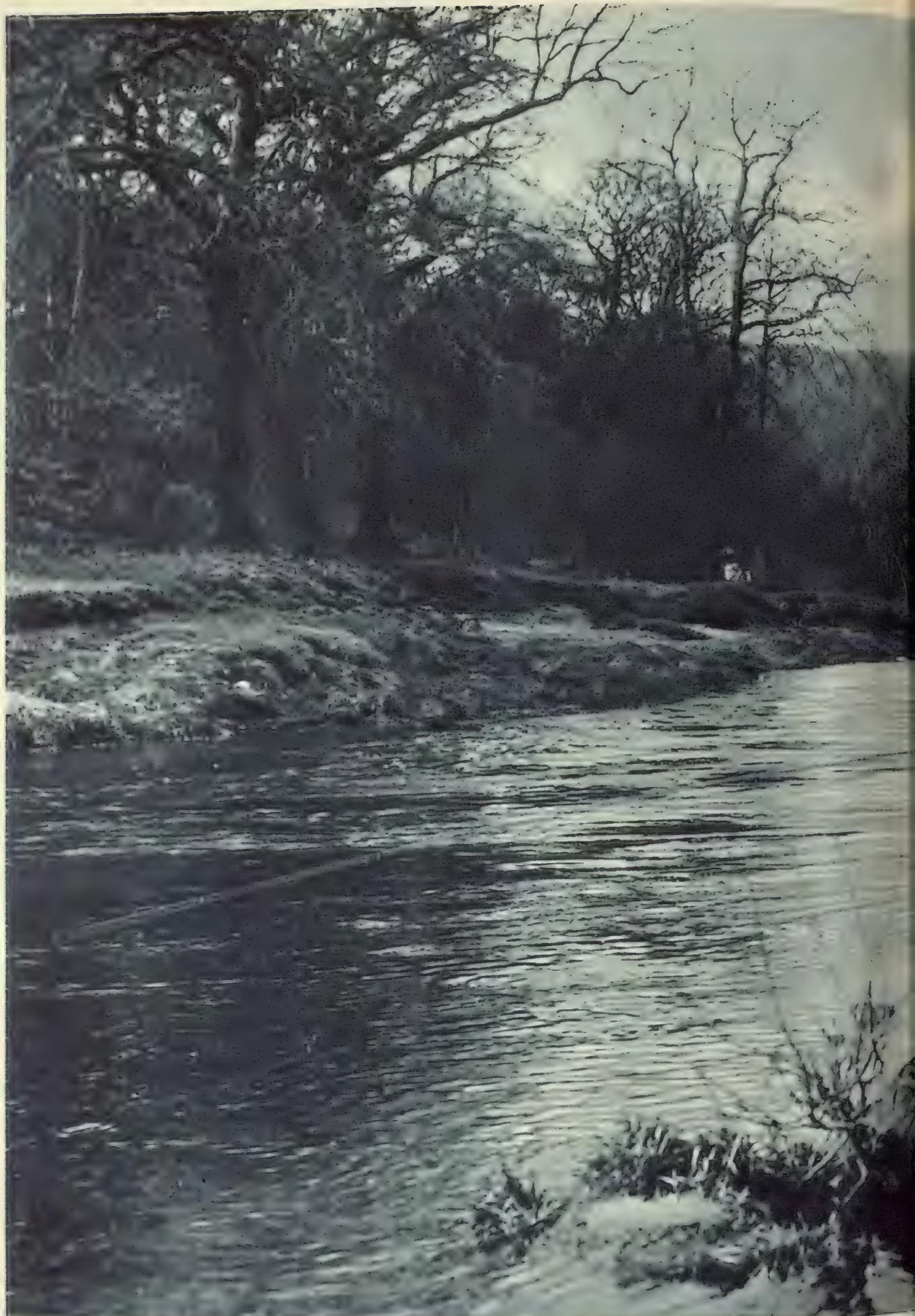
A cabaret, starring Renée Houston, Donald Stewart, Muriel Angelus, and Roger Tréville, and a Lewis Carroll carnival were capital features of the Walrus Ball. Flying-Officer David Llewellyn, whose recent would-be Cape flight was so dogged by bad luck, looked in during the evening with his wife. Lord Stanley of Alderley's sister wore gardenias in her hair and supped with Lord Reading's son. The Hon. Mrs. Morrison's husband is Master and Huntsman of the South and West Wilts



Cannons of Hollywood

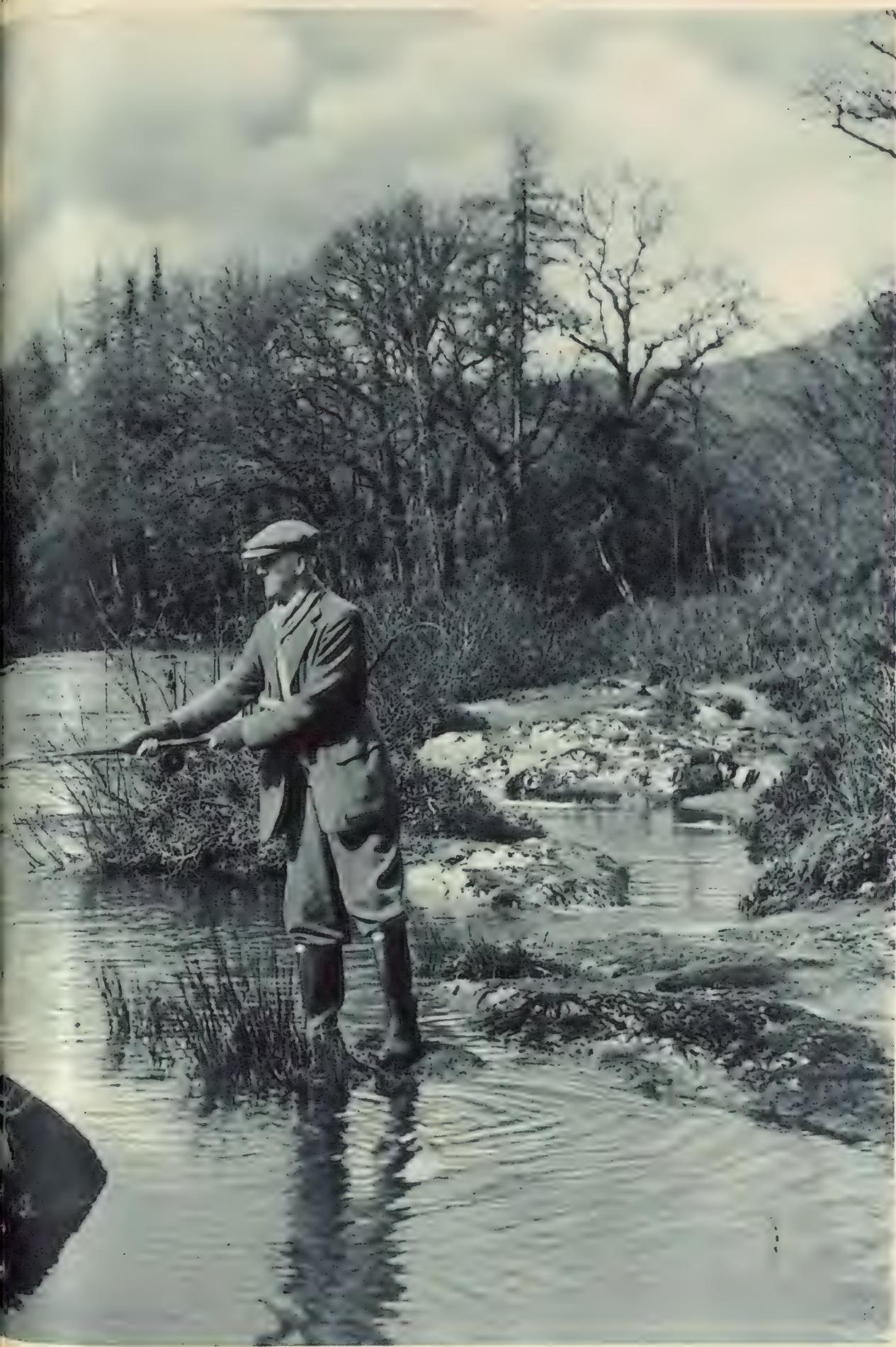
LADY SWAYTHLING

Lord Swaythling's attractive and clever wife, who possesses outstanding qualities as a hostess and takes a pleasantly light-hearted view of life, was Miss Mary Violet Levy before her marriage. Her father, Major Walter Levy, died in 1923, and her mother, the elder of Lord Bearsted's sisters, is now the Hon. Mrs. Basil Ionides. Lord and Lady Swaythling have a very nice country place near Southampton, Townhill Park, as well as a house in Grosvenor Crescent. Their family consists of a nine-year-old daughter and two sons, aged respectively eight and five.



THE PERFECT WAY OF SPENDING EAS-

For that which is claimed in the title of this picture let the Perfect Angler be warrant in the words of Izaak Walton. "I have then with pleasure concluded with Solomon, 'Everything is beautiful in his season.' "—And what more beautiful than the light-chequers on the stream, the whisper and chuckle of the water among the stones, rhythm and spring of the rod in casting and the little pied dipper that flutters and flirts over the water's face?—"We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did'; and so, if I might be judge,



AN ANGLER ON THE DART

God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." . . . "Look to your health; and if you have praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a thing that money cannot buy."—And who can set forward better principles on which to frame an Easter holiday? Those who are anglers are convinced, but there are some who never will be, since "Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are not born so." The angler in the picture (which was taken before Easter) is Major Goodwin, of Lenthill Holne, Devon



LUISE RAINER AND PAUL MUNI IN
"THE GOOD EARTH"

This film, which is rated one of the most extraordinary that has ever been made, was presented at the Palace Theatre with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni in the leads. As it seems scarcely necessary to reiterate, these two artists have won the brightest bays in their particular art for Season 1936. There are only six white players in "The Good Earth," the rest of the cast being made up by 10,000 Chinese. The film is based on the novel by Pearl Buck, and was the late Irving Thalberg's last production, though started before "Romeo and Juliet." One of the most astounding scenes in the picture is a battle between millions of locusts and fire and water!

It is a tremendous picture



THE XIIth
Lancers
POINT-TO-POINT
OVER THE
BEAUFORT
COUNTRY



CAPTAIN M. E. B. SPARKE AND
A MAP OF THE COUNTRY



THE LAST FENCE: MR. A. M. HORSBRUGH-PORTER
ON SANCTION (2nd); CAPTAIN F. G. B. ARKWRIGHT
ON BLUNDER (WINNER)



MISS MACPHERSON-LAURIE, MR. PETER
SANDBACH AND MR. W. A. MORRIS



MISS JOAN HASTINGS AND MISS MACPHERSON-
LAURIE (LEFT), CAPTAIN A. S. C. BROWNE (BEAUFORT
HON. SEC.) AND THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, M.F.H.



The 12th Lancers Regimental race was run over 4 miles of the Sodbury Vale, which is about the cream of the Beaufort country. It was definitely sodden, as was not surprising after the Noah's Ark weather. The picture of the winner and the runner-up at the top says everything pretty nearly. Both done crisp as biscuits and it was a good thing that that obstacle could not hit back very hard. Captain M. E. B. Sparke, who rode Fan II., Mr. Peter Sandbach and Mr. W. A. Morris are all 12th, and Miss Joan Hastings is the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings' younger daughter. His Grace, the M.F.H., is seen viewing the proceedings from the customary and convenient wagon. The Hon Sec. of the Beaufort is on the horse

Photos.: W. Dennis Moss

Pictures in the Fire



THE OXFORD BOXING TEAM AGAINST CAMBRIDGE AT THE STADIUM CLUB

Cambridge defeated Oxford in their recent meeting at the Stadium Club by the narrow margin of 12-9 in a hard-fought tournament of fine vigour and clean sportsmanship.

The Oxford names are (standing): A. K. Gupta, R. C. H. Risley, N. A. Maxon, D. M. Mathews, G. A. Albers, C. A. Stone, C. O. Carter and Haydn Williams (trainer); (seated) A. R. H. Kelias, D. G. G. Coles, P. E. Coffey, D. M. L. Doran (captain), P. W. Youens, N. M. Beyts and J. S. Billimoria

IN view of the greatly increased supply of gold-diggers in both breach and libel actions, I suggest that no one can be too careful in the choice of the words which he may employ when within earshot of a third party, whether

he is on a horse or off one. Slightly camouflaged, here is a case in which a hunter who was himself being hunted got into a pickle, just because he said to one of his female hunting dogs, "Good little bitchey!"

Listen to what counsel for the plaintiff made of it in the subsequent breach proceedings:

"Members of the jury, I suggest that such an expression used, as it undoubtedly was, in direct allusion to my client, is proof positive that the defendant had a great deal more than the ordinary regard of one individual towards another, and connoted something far in advance of everyday polite conversation."

"The defendant, as you heard from him in his cross-examination, tried to fob us off with some extravagant and quite unconvincing explanation that he was only speaking to one of his female hounds, and that it was quite customary for huntsmen to address their dogs in such terms. Members of the jury, I can see that such clumsy prevarication did not deceive you for one instant, and I put it to you that here we have absolutely damning and conclusive proof of the state of affairs which existed between my client and the defendant. And yet the defendant has had the effrontery to ask us to believe . . . , and so forth and so on."

All this may sound very like fantasy, but it is not very far away from some actual facts as they have been retailed to me by a learned friend. Counsel have not changed very much since the days of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, and, though many judges nowadays know quite a lot about fox-hunting and just ordinary horse-back riding, the average jury knows nothing about either, and is quite likely to take a peculiar and jaundiced view of expressions which are not current coin in the walks of life with which they are familiar. So any people who will go on flirting ought to be wary, and take particular care not to call anyone a good little lady-dog. Flirting, of course, is a very exact science, and demands years of close study if you want to get really good at it.

* * *

This case I have just mentioned invites further rumination. Touching and concerning that Ministry for Scandal-Mongers which I made so bold as to suggest ought to be established, I find myself reinforced in this opinion by something



O'Brien
IN THE GREEN ISLE: LADY OLEIN WYNNDHAM-QUIN AND MRS. PETER FITZGERALD

The actual theatre of war where this snapshot was taken was at the recent Croom Harriers' Point-to-Point. Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin is Lord and Lady Dunraven's daughter, and Mrs. Fitzgerald is the wife of the very famous Irish breeder of bloodstock



THE GOLF GAME AT CANNES

Three well-knowns at Mandelieu: (l. to r.) the Hon. Reggie Fellowes, who is Lord de Ramsey's uncle, with Major Nigel Ferguson and Major Murray Graham



AT THE SOUTH BERKS POINT-TO-POINT

Mr. and Mrs. Le Hunter Anderson seen discussing things with Brig.-Gen. Rennie between races at this meeting, which was run over Eling Farm, Hermitage, near Newbury. The going is reported to have been hock-deep. Brig.-Gen. G. A. P. Rennie used to be a Rifleman (60th)

By "SABRETACHE"



AT THE MAHARAJA OF RAJPIPLA'S TIGER SHOOT

The Archduke Franz Joseph of Austria, seen with the host and a warrantable tiger, was a member of H.H. the Maharaja of Rajpipla's house-party for his recent shoot



MRS. ISAAC BELL AND MISS DIANA BELL

Also at the South Berks Point-to-Point, where Miss Diana Bell was second on her own horse, Margery Daw III., in the Ladies' Nomination Race. It seems unnecessary to say that the ladies in the picture are the wife and daughter of the famous ex-M.F.H.



THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM VICTORIOUS OVER OXFORD BY 12-9

Crisp
The whole programme was most attractive from the spectator's point of view and the final issue was in doubt right up to the last round in this inter-Varsity event

The Cambridge names are (standing): K. Hall, M. H. E. A. Baig, M. H. A. Anderson, A. S. D. Graesser, H. F. Gruneberg, D. F. Hill, D. H. Bolam and W. Child (trainer); (seated) A. H. H. Downes, G. E. Blyth, A. P. Bentall, Mr. D. Portway, M.A. (President), R. W. Hewson, R. B. Oppenheim and R. F. L. Burton

that someone has sent to me about those much-maligned persons, fox-hunters—now, like the unfortunate in Fenland, completely washed out. My Third Degree Inquisitor—who is not a fox-hunter, not even a mere rider, as I am instructed and believe—says that all the "nuts in Leicestershire" are a "fast lot," and that the trouble usually starts

when He and She "prance over the jumps and 'e pours 'is vile poison in 'er ear." I have always hated to be an iconoclast, but I feel that I must tell this *censor morum* that, as a matter of hard fact, fox-hunters, far from being a "fast lot," are rather a slow, lethargic sect. Anyway, I do not see why people should be more addicted to flirting on horse-back than they are to flirting on foot. Speaking—if I may so say—from a moderately wide experience, I should be inclined to think that flirting on foot was far more prevalent. Either way it is rather dangerous, and, whether you have noticed it or not, closely akin to getting bitten by a snake of the colubrine or any other poisonous variety. The symptoms are exactly the same. In the case of the colubrine snake the first symptoms are asphyxial convulsions, and where the viperine species is concerned, cardiac paralysis or something like that. I put it to any flirt, however inefficient and amateurish he or she may be, that the case is proved on these few facts.

* * * *

Unhappily, there is no recommendable cure in either case—snake-bite or infection from the flirting virus. Where snake-bite is concerned, the Faculty says "Amputate at once" or "set up thrombosis by tying the inner tube of a tyre above the region of the wound." All very well, but suppose he (or she) bites you on the Adam's apple, what's the good of cutting your head off or strangulation as a cure? But that is what they say, and as flirting and snake-bite are to all intents and purposes the same thing, you see the way of it? It sounds very unsatisfactory. Snake venom contains some stuff they call haemolysin—a cardiac stimulant and also a neurotoxin. What does flirting venom contain? It seems silly to ask such a question of anyone who has ever done any flirting. Anyone with even a skin-deep knowledge of it must recognise the exact similarity in the symptoms. I do not say that flirting does not take place on horse-back, but I do maintain that usually people are far busier *à cheval* than they are *au pied*, and that any expressions construable as rather too affable may be just accidental. For instance, some people may say "Whoa,

Pet!" or "Steady, old Darling!"—meaning only to address their horses. But supposing anyone using these harmless ejaculations is overheard and subsequently finds them briefed to a counsel who knows his job, they might be so

(Continued on page xiv)

O'Brien
MRS. CHUTE AND LORD MUSKERRY AT AN IRISH POINT-TO-POINT

The recent Croom Harriers' meeting was the one. There is another snapshot on the preceding page. Lord Muskerry was a steward of the meeting. He hunts with the Limerick, in which country the Croom Harriers also operate, under the Mastership of Mr. Ned Fitzgibbon

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A negress was applying for a separation order from her husband.

"He done said that one night he'll do me in," she protested. "He has a razor under his pillow; and Ah has a hammer under mine. Well, Ah doan' mind dat. Ah guess it's the give-an'-take o' married life. But yo' see how it is, suh. Neither of us doan' get no sleep."

* * *

He felt that he was getting too fat, so he went to his doctor to see about it.

"The finest way to slim," the doctor told him, "is to shake the head slowly and deliberately."

"And how often should I do that?" asked the patient, looking puzzled.

"Every time your pals say 'Have a drink?'"

* * *

The end of a very inferior meal at the boarding-house had been reached, and one of the boarders remarked: "This cheese is so strong that it could walk over and say 'Hello' to the coffee."

"Yes," replied the second boarder, "but unfortunately the coffee is too weak to answer back."

* * *

A little boy went to bring the kittens in from outside. His mother, hearing a shrill meowing, called out: "Don't hurt the kittens, Billy."

"I'm not," said Billy, "I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems!"

* * *

Pat and Mike were reeling home after a convivial evening together.

"That fella thash just pashed," said Pat, "is very loike ye, Moike."

"Well," replied Mike, gaily, "lesh go after him. It moight be me!"

* * *

"**T**his is a very small bit of chicken you have given me, waiter," complained the diner.

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, under notice anyhow, "but you will find it will take you a long time to eat it."

* * *

A little girl overheard the doctor saying that her mother, who was ill, would not get really well until some warm weather came.

That night she began her prayers by saying: "Please, God, bless father and make it hot for mother."



THE BULL AND THE BELLE: CECILIA PARKER WITH "CORIUM SLOGAN'S OLIVER"

Oliver is a champion Guernsey bull and he belongs to the Adohr Farms in America. He is a gentleman of a quiet disposition (although a bovine ancestry originating in the Channel Islands is likely to hand down an irritable and touchy disposition!) and seems rather proud to be led about by Cecilia Parker, the M.-G.-M. player who appears with Wallace Beery and Eric Linden in the new film, "Old Hutch."

TWO Scotsmen were watching a football match. One had a bottle, the other only a thirst. The one with the bottle was talking very loudly about his knowledge of the game and what a fine player he was himself.

During the conversation he helped himself liberally and often to the contents of his bottle.

At last the thirsty one could bear it no longer.

"Weel, I notice ye're a fine dribbler," he remarked, "but ye're nae guid at passing."

* * *

An asylum patient who had been discharged as cured was found one day at his old job of delivering messages with a hand-barrow. The villagers were pleased to see him again, but a few stupid young men started to tease him.

"Hullo!" they said. "How does it feel to be potty?"

The ex-patient was equal to the occasion, however. "Look here, you chaps," he said, "I've got something at home that none of you ever had. I've got a certificate that I'm sane!"

* * *

The master, to impress on his pupils the need of thinking before speaking, told them to count fifty before saying anything important, and one hundred if it was very important.

Next day he was speaking, standing with his back to the fire, when he noticed several lips moving rapidly.

Suddenly the whole class shouted: "Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hundred. Your coat's on fire, sir!"



SIMONE SIMON AND A BATHING DRESS

Simone Simon, the attractive French film star, is at present across the Atlantic in Hollywood under contract to 20th Century-Fox, and she will be seen shortly in two new pictures which are in course of production or in preparation, "Ladies in Love" and "Seventh Heaven." At the moment she is seen even more shortly in a bathing suit



Back

...so smooth, so white, your perfect contours accentuated by the soft line that runs downwards between the shoulder blades—only the decolletage of a Winterhalter portrait could do you proper justice. You are the kind of back any man would be glad to have turned upon him . . . For those discriminating women who are anxious to show the world a perfect pair of shoulders, Elizabeth Arden has created . . .

Ardene Baths with Body Massage, a delicious purifying, stimulating bath followed by body massage with special attention to the back and shoulders.

Giant Roller Treatment for firming the muscles and removing fat. Elizabeth Arden Exercises for Health and Beauty. Single treatments and courses.

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THE RUGGER XV. OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CIRENCESTER, 1936-37

The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, can show a very respectable balance on the season of 1936-37, their record being: Played 15, won 9, lost 5, drawn 1.

The names are (back row): J. E. Walker, A. R. W. Ormond, B. E. Prescott, D. Suttor, J. N. Harper, G. P. J. Denham-Cookes, G. F. Badman, C. J. N. Purvis; (seated) R. Hollings, J. N. Bardsley, R. P. Kensington, F. C. Elton, G. Williams; (front row) R. H. S. Gordon, J. G. Harrison.

DEAR TATLER—

THE present seems a fitting opportunity for closing our correspondence for this season. Once more England, despite the derision of various critics, has secured the Triple Crown. We have done more, for we have removed the curse which has hung for so long over Murrayfield, and future generations of players may go North without that dreadful feeling of hoodoo which has persisted for so many years. Incidentally, it is perhaps worth mentioning that *The Tatler* was almost alone in holding out any hopes for England, for we said that England had her best chance since the beginning of the Murrayfield era. Perhaps it would be better if the "dismal Jimmies" of English Rugby were not quite so ready to believe that the worse must always happen. One wonders what attitude they are taking up now. The English side has been well slanged from start to finish. Among other things, it has won all its matches, it has never been beaten forward, its defence has been certainly second to none, and it has achieved what no other side has ever accomplished—a victory at Murrayfield. The English XV, and the selectors are justified in asking what more they have to do to please the various Jeremiahs.

Of course, H. S. Sever was among the scorers, and his try made England's victory secure. Most of us will recall a dropped goal against Wales which won the match, and was promptly described as a fluke by the "dismal Jimmies" aforesaid. Why it should be a fluke when a man deliberately drops at goal and brings it off has not yet been explained. Then came the Irish match, with that wonderful winning try, when Twickenham was stirred as it has seldom been before. We have had many occasions when various individuals have been credited with winning international games. But I do not think that even the great W. J. A. Davies ever achieved the feat thrice in one season, and Sever, if he never kicks a football again, has left a mark on Rugby which can never be erased. He is, of course, the outstanding three-quarter of the year, and it is worth remembering that he scored two extremely brilliant tries last season, and both these, as was the case this year, were obtained practically on his own account. His sturdy individualism has probably never been exceeded in the annals of Rugby. A few weeks ago we remarked that the Sale man had already won two matches for England, and expressed the hope that he might do the same thing at Murrayfield. And, by gad, he has!

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

There can be no doubt that the English forwards have had a great share in this successful season. The English selectors have been told that some are too old and some are too young, but, turning a deaf ear to criticisms of that kind, they built up a pack which is worthy to rank with some of the great names of the past. The pack had an easy match against Wales, but they were more sternly tested against Ireland, and came out of a tremendous struggle with their tails well up. Certainly they stayed the course better than some of the Irishmen. The scaremongers then told us that the Scottish forwards were young and strong and extremely dangerous. So they were, and a



Walbridge

THE DULWICH COLLEGE XV., 1936-37

Dulwich is always a notable Rugger school and their fifteen for the past season seems particularly rich in veterans. Their captain, it will be noticed, has played for five seasons, which is rather exceptional in a school team.

The names of the Dulwich men are (top row): C. MacGill, H. P. Gray, N. J. Seymour, 1935-36-37, D. W. Lancaster, 1935-36-37, A. C. Shirreff, 1935-36-37, E. P. Tawn, M. A. Kidd, H. R. P. Chatten (inset); (seated) B. C. Gray, 1935-36-37, H. A. Hora, 1934-35-36-37, D. G. A. Mountford, 1933-34-35-36-37 (captain), J. H. Gibbs, 1935-36-37, R. de L. Agazarian, 1935-36-37 (on ground); A. T. Wheatley and L. H. Burnett

splendid fight most of them put up, but they were not good enough to cope with England's eight. The Midlands especially may well be proud of the part played by their men. R. J. Longland, the two Wheatleys, and W. H. Weston performed prodigies of strength and valour, and J. G. Cook supported them magnificently in the open. It was hard lines on R. Prescott to miss this match through injury, but, after all, it was only poetic justice, since he first came into the side because of the illness of H. F. Wheatley.

H. G. Owen Smith may be congratulated on his captaincy and another sound, not to say brilliant, exposition. What his men thought of him was shown by the enthusiasm which bore him in triumph from the field. There was no sign in his play that he was past his best, as he has been frequently told during the season. Whether his profession will allow him to continue with international Rugby, time will show, but in any case he has set his name among the stars of old. Apart from Sever, the English three-quarters, not altogether without reason, have been severely criticised. Few would like to maintain that either P. Candler or P. Cranmer is an ideal centre, but one thing can be said—very few people get tries against them. They did their duty as well as ever against Scotland, and in E. J. Unwin they found a dashing and useful wing who may not be quite a Sever, but he does go for the line. He may be congratulated on a highly successful début, and the same thing may be said of F. J. Reynolds, who got through a vast amount of work extraordinarily well. His sin, according to the critics before the game, was

(Continued on page ii)

CLUBBERWOCKY

(re-played from "Alice")

'Twas niblig and the tweeded droves
Did wag and swipe as they offplayed,
All uppish were the caddicoves
With the golf bags arrayed.

"Beware the Potterhunt, my son;
The jaws that boast,
the score that's scratch.
Beware the clubclub man and shun
The graspious medal match."

He took his smashie club in hand,
Long time the Pothunt foe he fought;
So rested he by the thirteenth tee
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in sportish thought he stood,
The Potterhunt with eyes of flame
Came boasting up with his new wood
And blurbled of his game.



G.E. 684



"All square, beware,"
he thought and thought,
The driver head went sweeply back;
He laid it dead and was ahead
And came oneupping back.

"And hast thou slain the Potterhunt,
What is the secret, man inspired?"
"Guinness a day—I always say
Have Guinness when you're Tired."

'Twas Nuncheon,
and the tweeded mass
Gave putter up for nibble-spoon,
All downish was the Guinnessglass
For strengthly afternoon.

From the Shires and Provinces

From the York and Ainsty.

Both packs were out on Thursday (March 18), in springlike weather, punctuated later on by a thunderstorm. Owing to the very wet state of the country, the South made it a woodland day, catching one of the Wheldrake Wood foxes; we had a field of about a dozen, which was quite a crowd for this meet. The Northerners met at Ferrensby, found in Ferrensby Whin, and ran a right-handed ring out and back to it, followed by a forty minutes' slow hunt from the Warren, and ending the day with quite a nice forty minutes from Stainley Gill.

On Saturday (20th), Doris entertained a biggish field at Melbourne, and—as usual in this country—a good day's sport followed, although the ground rode terribly deep, and most people with one horse had had enough by two o'clock. The first hunt lasted for an hour and ten minutes, with lots of galloping and jumping, though it was very twisty and all round



THE STEWARDS OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY HARRIERS' HUNT
MEETING

Mechanisation or no mechanisation, a Gunner "wot is a Gunner" must still ride! The Royal Artillery Harriers held their meeting at Windmill Hill, Tidworth, recently. The stewards of the meeting are seen above, they are: Brigadier C. A. Heydeman, M.C., who now commands the 2nd Cavalry Brigade and formerly the Queen's Bays; Brigadier H. R. Pownall, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Commandant of the School of Artillery, Larkhill, and Major W. Scott-Watson, M.C., Master of the R.A. Harriers

From Lincolnshire.

ANOTHER hunting season has come to an end, and it will be remembered as one of the wettest on record. Consequently, 'osse have had a hard and harassing time, and there are few who will regret that the curtain has fallen. In spite of these difficulties, sport has been uniformly good and most of the county packs have taken toll of more foxes than usual. On Friday (March 19), the Belvoir provided a good sixty minutes from Ropsley Rise, but were prevented from killing their fox owing to the intervention of a sudden storm. The Grand National claimed many of the regular followers, but all were delighted to see Major "Tommy" Bouch, a former M.F.H., who hunted the ducal pack single-handed with conspicuous success for ten seasons, out to enjoy a gallop over a country he loved and knew so well. There will be no changes of Mastership next season, but all regret that Jim Welch, the Blankney huntsman, is forsaking his old love for the Woodland Pytchley, and his place will be filled by H. Turner from the Newmarket and Thurlow.

From the Warwickshire.

Another freakish turn of the elements decreed that the last days of the season hounds should meet later than the advertised hour, not because of spring-like conditions, but because of snow and frost; also the land had become so waterlogged that our Masters wisely decided on Tuesday night to ring down the curtain and cancel their last three fixtures.

The 9th Lancers cross-country race is another event which had to go by the board, and for the same good reason, but it was a great disappointment, as rumour had it that every officer in the Regiment was going to ride, and as those who have hunted here this season have always been in the forefront of the battle, to have seen a couple of dozen competing over the best of the Warwickshire grassland would have been a treat indeed!

A nice lot of youngsters are coming along to fill those gaps time makes in any community. The Forrest twins are following in father's (and mother's) footsteps, as indeed they should. Of the very tiny ones, Patricia Horton is not afraid to let her pony gallop, and see all the fun that is to be had.

Dinie Muir annexed the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race at the Bicester point-to-point, while our own meeting still hangs in "the lap of the gods," although three weeks ahead may yet see the dust blowing, and we trust it may!



Photos : Truman Howell

ALSO AT THE R.A. HARRIERS' MEETING : MRS. J. CHRISTOPHER AND HOTSPUR

Poor little Hotspur has had serious trouble with his back and is partly paralysed. "Missis" has accordingly had a kind of little carriage made for his hindquarters, and with this he is able to get about and enjoy himself

Melbourne and Ross Moor, whilst much of the second hunt was over the same ground; however, it was all great fun. The Editor tells us he won't want any more contributions, so we may wind up by saying that both the North and South packs had sport rather above the average, and certainly quite as good as—if not better than—their neighbours. They also lost fewer days, on account of the weather, than many packs in other parts of the country.

(Continued on page ii)

For Coronation Year

Brides . . . the gleaming white of crêpe
satin and tulle; the
dramatic sweep of a
heavy ruched-edged
train. From the

Model Gown Salon.

Harrods

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THE MINK COAT

By
VERONA NAVARRE*

CAROLE SPICER did not go into Wilding's, the famous costumiers, with the intention of buying anything in particular. She went in merely to look round, after the way of idle women, and it was quite by chance that Miss Levy showed her the mink coat. It had that moment come up from the workrooms—for Wilding's were creative furriers—and she was carrying it through to the fur department on the first floor, where she saw Carole, who was a good customer of theirs and a good advertisement.

Miss Levy, a short, stout woman, who managed to be smart in spite of superfluous flesh, sailed up to her with a smile of welcome and purpose in her heart.

"Good morning, madame," she began briskly. "What a vile day! I thought you would just like to see this coat before it is shown. Lovely, don't you think?" She held it at arm's length and surveyed it critically.

Carole's cold grey eyes swept the mink coat, and unconscious greed showed in them, for she was strongly attracted towards material beauty.

"It's rather marvellous," she said slowly. "What mink is it?"

"Natural Canadian, madame. We import these skins direct from Esquimo Bay and they are made up by Monsieur Daubrae." There was little Miss Levy did not know about the women she served or their private affairs, but, fortunately for some of them, she was discretion itself. Behind the smiling mask of business life she was an acute observer, and apt to pride herself on the accuracy with which she summed people up. Carole, for instance, she knew to be as selfish as they make them; but that was obvious to everyone who came in contact with her excepting her husband, who adored her. Avaricious, too, especially over furs . . .

"I like it, being so dark," Carole put out a white hand to stroke. "Almost bluish." Beneath the seeming indifference Miss Levy was aware that her interest was fully aroused.

"Yes," she said, "of course, that is one of the beauties of mink like this—the colour." She turned the coat on its hanger. "But these skins are really perfect," indicating the small silky pelts with their dense short fur. "The finest we have had for some time."

As a married couple the Spicers in particular interested her. The one who took all and the one who gave all. Miss Levy felt sorry for David Spicer—when she thought of him. A pretty thin time he must have with a wife like that, though she was very good-looking. Amazing that after five years of marriage he should still think her so wonderful! One would credit even that open-handed little fool with more perception.

* Although this story is founded on fact, the characters are entirely fictitious.—V. N.



At sight of the mink coat an expression of keen interest came into his eyes, and he leaned forward, staring at it intently

"You don't see many coats like this." Carole spoke with satisfaction. Miss Levy, looking at her shrewdly, reflected that with her looks and clothes it was not surprising that she should like going out at night to see and be seen, but it was a different story for him after his day in the City. She had often watched the Spicers at various night resorts, and had noticed how he could hardly keep awake after twelve, while Carole was dancing or the cabaret was on. Poor devil! Aloud she said: "No, you certainly don't, madame." She paused, and then suggested, "Perhaps you would care to slip it on?" Carole removed silver foxes and threw them on to a sofa.

"Yes, I'm going to," she drawled.

"Come over to this mirror. You will get a better view." In her long, grey dress Miss Levy led the way to the window.

"The sleeves are quite new," she murmured as she helped her into the coat and settled the cape collar. Then she retreated so as to allow her full monopoly of the glass.

Carole gazed at her reflection for some time in silence. "It's divine," she said at last. And added, "Of course, I must have it." Her calm appropriation of the best things irritated Miss Levy this morning, though it had never done so before.

"It's a beautiful coat," was all she remarked. In any case, it needed no advertising.

Carole wrapped the coat still tighter round her slender figure. "How much is it?" she inquired casually.

(Continued on page 596)



The
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Beverage for
NATIONAL
FITNESS

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FROM 19th Century calm to 20th Century hustle! . . . A short step in history . . . but what a world of difference in the speed of living. Human progress has outstripped its natural equipment. You need stronger nerves, greater vitality, increased energy.

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Drink 'Ovaltine' every day for the abundant vitality and energy it gives you. Drink it every night to ensure that deep, peaceful sleep which builds you anew and gives you fresh strength and confidence for the new day.

Drink 'OVALTINE'

and Build up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

THE MINK COAT—(Continued from page 594)

"Nine hundred guineas, madame."

Nine hundred guineas. Carole's eyes sought her reflection again absently. That was a lot of money, since Wilding's liked their cheque within the week. She could not possibly produce it now. At the beginning of the year—in January, perhaps—for she had a large allowance from her husband, but being so extravagant she was always in debt and generally overdrawn. Still, it did not matter; David would give it to her. He always gave her anything she fancied, for with him generosity was a strong characteristic.

This comforting remembrance banished the frown that was creasing her smooth forehead and she turned to Miss Levy.

"I think I am going to have this coat," she said, and she smiled with her lips though not with her eyes, "but before I quite decide I want my husband to see it, so I'll take it back with me now in the car."

"Yes, madame, that will be quite all right"; but Miss Levy's mouth shut in a hard line. (She'd done all the deciding; he'd just do the paying.) "I'll have it packed for you." She summoned a girl from her department and gave her some instructions and the coat, but as she watched it carried away, swift, hot anger rose within her, though her face remained impassive. Miss Levy was frankly surprised at herself. A keen saleswoman, she was generally only too pleased when she sold a coat of that price, whereas now she found herself wishing fervently that Carole might not have it. If only someone could prevent her! But there was only her husband, and he never refused her anything, spineless little ass! Of course, it was ridiculous of her to mind; she realised that; especially since it was she who had shown the coat to Carole in the first place and with intention. Now she regretted having done so. A coat like that would soon have sold. Then she remembered her commission, which was present, not future, and, being above all things practical, she was partially comforted.

"I won't keep you long, madame," she said quietly, turning her back to Carole.

David was writing when Carole entered his study, but he rose with his customary courtesy to greet her. She would have noticed that he was looking better and happier than he had looked for a long time, had she been in the habit of noticing anything about him.

"Where have you been this morning?" he asked, for he was interested in her slightest doings.

Carole did not answer. Instead she put down the box she was carrying and began to cut the string. There was excitement in her usually calm bearing.

"I've just seen the most marvellous mink coat in Wilding's," she announced. David took off his glasses, which he knew she disliked him in, and laid them on the blotter.

"Have you, my dear?"

"Yes; I've brought it to show you." Carole scattered sheets of tissue paper and pulled out the coat. "Look, David!"

At sight of the mink coat an expression of keen interest came into his eyes, and he leant forward, staring at it intently.

"Is that very good mink?" he asked.

"It's Esquimo Bay, the best in the world"; her tone was triumphant. "I'll put it on."

David was still gazing at the coat. It seemed as if he were considering something.

Carole revolved slowly, as much for her own benefit as his. "Well?" she said. He raised his eyes to her face.

"You look beautiful," he said proudly. She was the most beautiful woman he had seen, and she knew it.

"I do look nice," she agreed unselfconsciously. "I knew you'd like it, David."

"I do." He sat back with a sigh of relief, as though his mind was made up.

Because she never prevaricated, Carole said, "It's nine hundred guineas. I can't afford it myself just now, so I want you to give it me, David." She glanced at him for the first time since she came in.

David answered in his ordinary, quiet voice. "I'm sorry, my dear, I'm afraid I can't."

She stared at him. "You can't? Why not?"

"I have not got that money to spend on you at this moment," he answered regretfully.

Sheer astonishment kept Carole dumb. Then: "But, David, I must have it—I will! I know you've just given me the car and my summer ermine, but I want this, too." He must have the money; if not, he should have made it. What else had she married him for?

"I'm sorry, my dear." David was obdurate, but his eyes met hers, and in them was the kindness and affection they always held for her, whatever she did.

She stormed, argued, cajoled, but in vain. The coat had to go back.

That same week David Spicer went into Wilding's with one of the girls from the New York Beauties, a cabaret then running in London. It was Miss Levy who sold them the mink coat . . .

THE END.



Ray Wrightson
TO BE PRESENTED
THIS YEAR: MISS

LAVINIA SHAW-STEWART

Miss Lavinia Shaw-Stewart is the eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. W. G. Shaw-Stewart. She is one of the lucky ones who are to be presented in Coronation Year; her aunt, Mrs. Alan Dawnay, will make the presentation

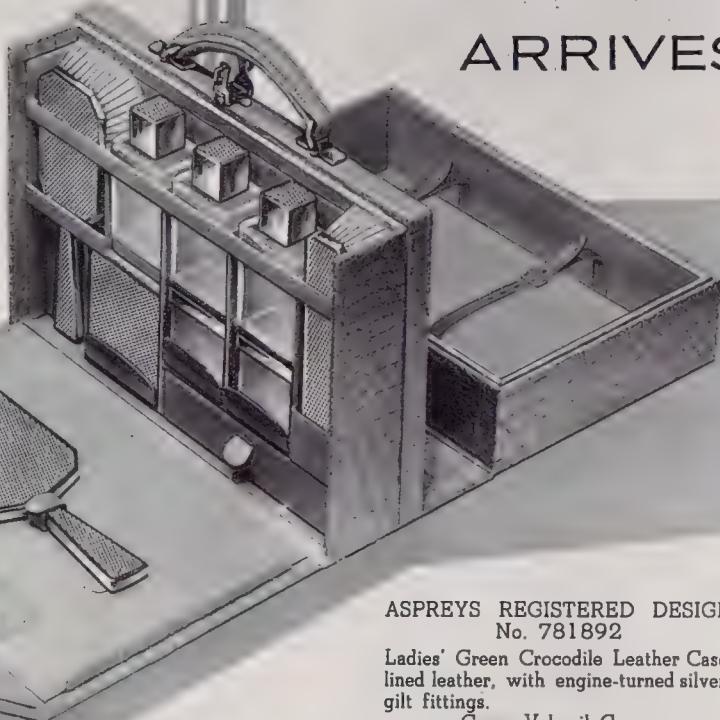
Kay Vaughan
AN "EX-DEB.": MISS MARIE DENNISTOUN WEBSTER

For the awkward-sounding description no apology is necessary, since the phrase is good in the jargon of the débutante-world. Miss Webster had her début last year: her mother is giving a dance for her on June 26th at Hurst Grange, Twyford, Berks.

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AIR EDDIES:

By
OLIVER STEWART

Pleasure and Practicality.

THIS pullulation of the ultra-light aeroplane supports my cherished theory that flying is still unpractical enough to be pleasant. We have had introduced to us recently the "Luton Minor," Mr. C. H. Latimer-Needham's design; the "Dart Kitten," for which, I believe, Mr. A. H. Curtiss was responsible; and the twin-engined machine designed by Mr. L. E. Baynes. All these machines are types which should enable the full flavour of flying to be obtained. But they are far removed from the internally fast type that is generally considered to be best for long-distance transport purposes. In case you have not seen them, I may mention that the "Luton Minor" is a parasol monoplane which can be had with any one of six types of engine and which sells at from £180 to £200. The "Dart Kitten" has an Avia engine and is a low-wing monoplane. The claim is made that it is the easiest thing to fly ever. The Baynes twin is particularly interesting. It has side-by-side seating and is powered by two Ford engines, modified in the Sir John Carden manner, and lying on their sides within the wings. They drive pusher air-screws. In my article of March 10 I mentioned the "Drone," the "Tipsy," the "Brawney" and the "Chilton."

Surely the inference to be drawn from all these machines is that there is still a great deal of pleasure to be had from flying for the sake of flying; that it is rather fashion than expediency that persuades people to take to the air. Horace Walpole, when he saw one of the first balloons over Richmond Hill, summed up the present situation: "Do not wonder," he said, "that we do not entirely attend to the things of earth; fashion has ascended to a higher element." Fashion and not utility is the main-spring of private ultra-light 'plane flying, for which dispensation thanks should be given to the Icarian gods by all who shun dullness and decrepitude and who cherish their lives rather than their livers.



Lens
A PROSPECTIVE BRIDEGROOM:
WING-COMDR. E. J. HODSON, C.B.

Wing-Commander Hodson is in charge of the Air Defence of London; his engagement to Miss E. M. Tomlin was recently announced. The bridegroom is a son of the late Commander J. F. Hodson, R.N.R., and the bride is the youngest daughter of Colonel Morton Tomlin, O.B.E., D.L., and the late Mrs. Tomlin, of Woodrows,

Aldworth, Berkshire

practical; to increase its utility and to turn it into something as efficient and as dull as a bus route. And these efforts are bound to succeed in the end. Flying will be made more and more dull and less and less decorative; it will become "good" for us; it will be changed from *pâté de foie gras* to milk pedding. The armaments authorities are already suggesting that it is the "duty" of every able-bodied man to learn to fly. The time will come—may be upon us this decade—when the aeroplane will be, like the railway train, an object of romantic interest to small boys perhaps, but a grim reminder of toil and time-table to everyone else.

There will be, it is true, the Blue Trains of the air; exotic machines of great power devoted to wafting mountebanks and millionaires to places where the wicked cease from troubling and the licensing justices are at rest. But these will be the exception. The rule will be something duller and more drab and dismal. When the genuine

The Present Good.

Let the best possible use be made of this period of pleasure flying, for it will not last for ever. Powerful efforts are being put forth to make flying



AT A REHEARSAL FOR THE BOAT-RACE-EVE BALL: MISS MABEL AND MISS SHEILA GLASS AND MISS PEGGY SALOMON
The Boat-Race-Eve Ball at Grosvenor House was in aid of the Dominion Students' Athletic Union and the National Union of Students. Miss Mabel and Miss Sheila Glass were competitors in the Desert Air Race and Miss Peggy Salomon is also a pilot

transport aeroplane ousts the lively little light aeroplane, the fascinating, temperamental plaything of to-day, we shall fly for business and for battle, but not for fun.

Looking Back.

As we stand on the threshold of another season of aviation—Commander Perrin having already issued his list of aerial events—we may be permitted to look back and to inject a historical note into these columns. The aeroplane is often said to be an expression of modernity, whereas in fact it is one of nature's antiques. About the year 800 B.C. flying was a popular topic of polite conversation in Britain. The "Mirrour for Magistrates" says that in



Fayer of Vienna

MR. ARTHUR HENRY HALL, C.B.E.

Mr. A. H. Hall has been Chief Superintendent of the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough since 1928. When he was up at Cambridge he got a First in the Mechanical Science Tripos, and amongst other charges he has held was that of Director of Mine and Torpedo Production during the War, and for some time after it. In private life he is fond of that peaceful pursuit, fly-fishing

(Contd. on p. 602)

finished
 your papers—
 finished
 your book—
 the hours
 drag
 slowly by . . .



have you ever realised
 at
 such
 a time
 that
 a
 cigarette . . .



will help
 enormously
 to relieve
 the
 monotony
 of what seems
 an
 endless
 journey ?

PETROL VAPOUR

By
JOHN OLIVER

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AT THE POINT-TO-POINT AT LEIGHTERTON

The Beaufort Point-to-Point, like all the others at the moment, was run in deep going and none too spring-like weather. As it is the Beaufort custom to kill a May fox, it may be that the land will be dry by then

Maths for the Masses.

THE future of owner-driving is so intimately concerned with the future of parking facilities in cities that I must return again to the statements made by the Minister of Transport on this subject. He said, if I am not mistaken, that he was considering fixing a date when parking would be prohibited in London, and then he said that he had not said anything of the kind. The Minister will, I am sure, forgive me if I say that I believe he said what he was said to have said, and not what he said he did not say. (In time, I shall be able to attain that peak of obscurity reached by Departmental Regulations, Acts, Income Tax forms, and Gertrude Stein.) I feel that the Minister has an intolerable itch to exclude the private motor-car, and to force everybody who does not keep a chauffeur to travel by tube or omnibus or taxi. Draft regulations about standing cars are already out which prove the existence of that itch. It is, as I said before, a battle which rages round the question: To motor or not to motor? Nobody bears the Minister any ill-will for disliking owner-driven motor-cars, and provided he fights according to the rules he will not forfeit our respect. But when he introduces gross inaccuracies, and ponderously pushes them out, not once, but at frequent intervals, as if they were truths, we must protest.

The first time the Minister said that a stationary car in the City of London occupied space to the value of £20,000, I pointed out that this was incorrect; that the time factor was not taken into account, and that the Minister was comparing the occupation of space for a fractional part of a day with the freehold ownership of that space. But it has been left to Mr. W. Herbert Daw to indicate the real magnitude of the Minister's inaccuracy. Mr. Daw reasons as follows: the space a large car occupies when stationary is about 16 ft. by 6 ft., or not exceeding 100 sq. ft. So the ground referred to by the Minister must be worth £200 per sq. ft., or £8,712,000 per acre!

I hope that that devastating exposition will check the Minister from repeating in future that egregious figure of his, and I hope it will also teach him that, no matter how vigorously the battle may be waged, truth and correct mathematics are always worth while. Let us hear no more about that £20,000 parking space.

The Ford V-8 "30."

I was very pleased to have an opportunity to try the latest model of the Ford V-8 "30." In road behaviour the car does not greatly differ from the earlier models, although I think I detected an improvement in the brakes. They seemed to demand less effort for a given braking effect. For the rest, the car rides and runs with supreme smoothness, giving always the impression of unlimited reserves of power. The quietness of engine and accessories is worthy of special note. In many modern motor-cars the only noise that really stands out frequently proceeds from the windscreens-wiper motor or the speedometer. In the Ford, the wiper and other accessories are quiet, and insulation of the body and cushioning from the frame with rubber—each body bolt is surrounded by rubber—make it as quiet a car as there is on the road to-day. The new line of the car is attractive, and is a move in the right direction. The brakes are of the cable-and-conduit sort, with self-energising shoes. The steering ratio is now 18·2 to 1, and with the worm and roller gear gives ease of handling at all speeds.

The pistons are of a new cast alloy steel. They have about the same expansion rate as the cylinder-blocks and are consequently fitted with less clearance. The result is good economy in oil. Altogether, I like this car very much.

Tough Glass.

There has been a good deal of talk lately about toughened safety glass, and it has been alleged that, if the glass of a windscreens is broken by a flying stone, the glass instantaneously goes opaque and the driver is "blinded."

(Continued on page 602)



KEEPING OUT THE COLD AT THE BEAUFORT POINT-TO-POINT

Included in this group of Beaufortshire well-knowns are Colonel Frank Mitchell, Major Kenneth Harper, who was judging, Mr. Bertram Horne, Captain Frank Rich and Mr. Herbert Nell, Joint-Master of the V.W.H., Cricklade



AND ALSO CAPTAIN AND LADY AVICE SPICER

Captain F. F. F. Spicer joined the Duke of Beaufort in the Mastership of the famous pack in 1935. His Grace having been Master since 1924. Lady Avice Spicer is Lord De La War's younger sister. Captain Spicer used to be in the 12th Lancers. Through his mother he is a kinsman of Lord Westmorland

This England . . .

*In the Chilterns*

Handsomely farmed are these great chalk hills, but once they were covered in forests of beech, the lair of dangerous bandits. Indeed it was the duty of the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds to ensure the safety of the neighbouring homesteads. Beechwood furniture, platters and cups are still made from the trees about Wycombe, but somehow your Worthington, though as old as they, seems more richly golden in a slender glass.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 598

But the dust of history has been sufficiently agitated to show that, although small practical progress was made, aeroplanes and all genuine aeronautical aspirations are descended from the days when canned meat was as unknown as the taxicab. And now I think pleasure flying has reached its prime. In the future the politician and the business man are going to see to it that it is made as dull as ditchwater. So look over that list of ultra-light aeroplanes and take your choice.

Skilled Labour.

* * *

In his speech on the Air Estimates in the House of Commons, Sir Philip Sassoon made the frankest disclosure we have yet had about the shortage of skilled labour. It appears that it is serious in the building trade and in the air-frame and aero-engine manufacturing trades. In fact, the more one sees of the progress of the rearmament programme, the more one realises that the whole thing is balanced on skilled labour, and that, if there is a shortage, very little can be done to remedy it quickly. You cannot produce skilled men quickly, no matter how ingenious your training methods, because part of their skill lies in experience, to which time must contribute. Another disclosure made by Sir Philip was that the Browning gun has been selected for use in the Royal Air Force, and is to be made over here. This was well known to everybody interested in aviation; but as armaments are a deadly secret, no mention in print of the fact was permissible until Sir Philip said his say. Let us hope, at any rate, that production will be fast enough and of sufficiently high quality to make quite certain that the war machines we are producing will never be needed in real war.

Books.

* * *

Mrs. William Courtenay's rich and rambling book of reminiscences has been published by Hutchinson under the title, "Airmen Friday." For those in the inner circle of aviation it makes enthralling, if overhanded, reading, and I should imagine that it will also make an appeal to the general public. The light it throws upon the great flights of Mr. and Mrs. Mollison alone is of interest, and there is plenty of entertainment value in the book, for Mr. Courtenay has really let himself go, and has given us in his four hundred-odd pages almost everything you can have, including an introduction, a foreword, a dedication, pictures, verses, odes and an index.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 600

Consequently I obtained a screen in this condition.

I found that there was no foundation whatever for the opacity allegations. I could see through the screen well enough to drive in perfect safety, and that applies whether it was vertical or at any angle up to 30 degrees. There is not a word of truth in the suggestion that the screen goes opaque. And there is another safety factor to be considered. If a toughened glass screen is broken in this way and remains in the screen, it can be cleared away by a movement of the arm without risk of the hand being cut. Consequently I conclude that toughened glass is as safe a form of safety glass as exists. Obviously if a windscreen is broken, the driver will receive a shock and will be put off his driving for the moment; but this will have nothing to do with being able to see through the screen. Experiments by some of the biggest motor car manufacturers confirm my own findings. I have been shown photographs taken by day and by night through a broken toughened-glass screen, and they demonstrated that the view, though impaired, is not impaired enough to cause risk.

1936 Achievement.

The Wakefield people have produced an interesting booklet which they are issuing free to those who write to Wakefield House for it. It is called "1936 Achievements," and it contains brief descriptions and photographs of many of the big motor car racing feats of the year. The pictures in this book lead me to conclude that the racing motor bicycle remains the finest objective for the speed photographer. These pictures of people like Frith and Foster convey the genuine thrill of motor bicycle racing and, perhaps, shed light upon the perennial popularity of the T.T. motor cycle races in the Isle of Man, a popularity which the motor car races there have never seriously challenged.

* * *

King Carol of Rumania is to lend nine important paintings by El Greco to an exhibition of that master's work in Paris. It will take place in June under the auspices of the Gazette des Beaux Arts, and will consist of works from private collections throughout the world.

The pictures to be lent by King Carol, which include El Greco's "Holy Family" from the Controceni Palace in Bucharest, were bought by King Charles I of Rumania for his collection at the castle of Sinaia. They had previously formed part of the famous Spanish gallery of the French King Louis-Philippe.



Bentley Saloon on the new 4½-litre Bentley Chassis



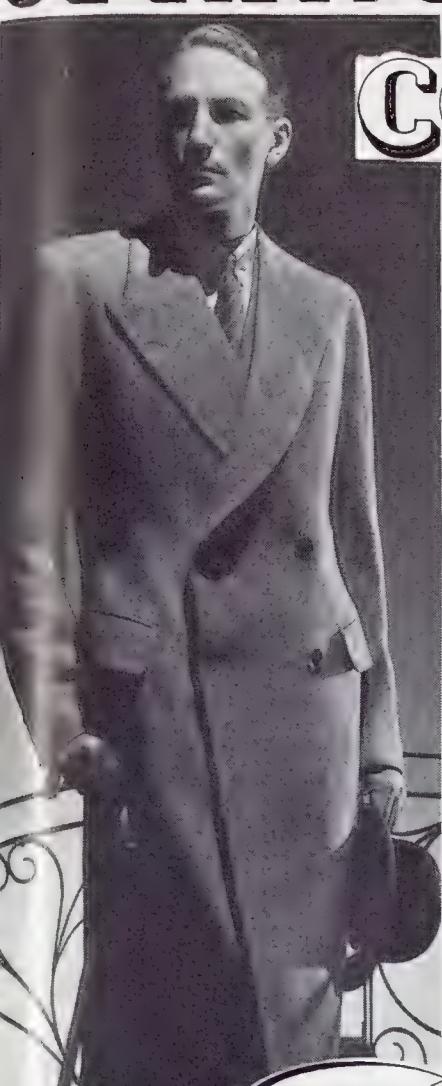
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From the Shires and Provinces—*cont. from p. 592*

From the Heythrop

The final hunting-card has gone forth bearing those sad words "To finish the season," and by the time these words are in print we shall have folded up our red rags and side-saddle skirts to await another season.

Hunting on Monday at Heythrop village was out of the question owing to snow, but, in spite of a sharp frost, on Tuesday we managed to hunt; well, hardly quite that, but still it's all right; the fact is we just walked about. Wednesday, at New Barn, was a very similar sort of day but a few degrees better in temperature and quality. Friday, however, from Moreton-in-Marsh, was quite a good day. Our first fox disappeared in a brick-yard, and thereby dropped one. Later there was a nice hunt from the never-failing Banks Fee. As this hunt was staged during the running of the Grand National there was considerable anxiety to hear the winner, as Heythropia was interested in divers ways. The winner is owned by our hon. sec.'s wife's brother, Spionaud is locally owned and does not mind an atom, while Pucka Belle was originally owned by Major Phipps-Hornby.

From the Fernie

Snow, rain and flood have left the country in such a wet state that in all fairness to the farmer hunting has been suspended during this last week. With "to finish the season" now marked on the card our appointment for Monday at the Kennels will see the end of things. Point-to-points have also suffered by the weather, and our own meeting for March 27 has been postponed until April 15. It is difficult to get a date fixed in with so many put-offs. However, given some sunshine a better aspect may soon be revealed. Winter has come at the wrong time. It is pleasing to learn that Billesdon Coplow, that famous landmark of Leicestershire, along with Botany Bay covert, a fail-me-never, has been purchased by one of our members and will still remain in the hands of a good fox-hunting family. One feared the builder might get his hands on this historic spot. Dingley Hall, home of the late Lord Beatty, has also found an owner whom we hope to welcome next season. The reign of our present Masters will soon be finished; our thanks go out to them for the good sport shown throughout a season that has been full of difficulties.

From the Grafton

Alas! we are now fast coming to the end of the season. It has been a difficult one for all huntsmen and Masters of hounds owing to the frightful weather conditions. On Monday, from Canons Ashby, we were greeted with a good coating of snow which was balling in the horses' hooves. Again the collection for the R.A.B.I. was fated, though a part collection was started. After discussing for some time it was decided not to hunt. Wednesday, at Stoke Plain, was spent in the woods. Friday we met at Syresham and were hoping for one more day in the open. However, it was not to be. A rather depleted field, owing to the Grand National, we repaired to Whistley Wood where we spent all the morning chatting about our National fancies and the possible winner, while Reynard was scurrying to and fro in the undergrowth. I think we must know all the possible exits by heart! Finally from Hatch Woods we had a warming gallop just outside covert. Saturday was again spent in Wicken and Leckhamstead Woods. Hounds ran well all day and accounted for a brace of foxes.

* * *

Racing Ragout—*continued from p. 564*

to my untutored vision, is much the same as the professional business in Tattersalls, i.e., clever hedging. All I know is that, standing in with three others to buy a couple of loads of wheat for delivery in July, within an hour they had knocked the bottom out of the market and cut us up like a bank holiday ham for about a tenner. That comes of trying to tamper with the nation's food supply.

* * *

A Rugby Letter—*continued from p. 590*

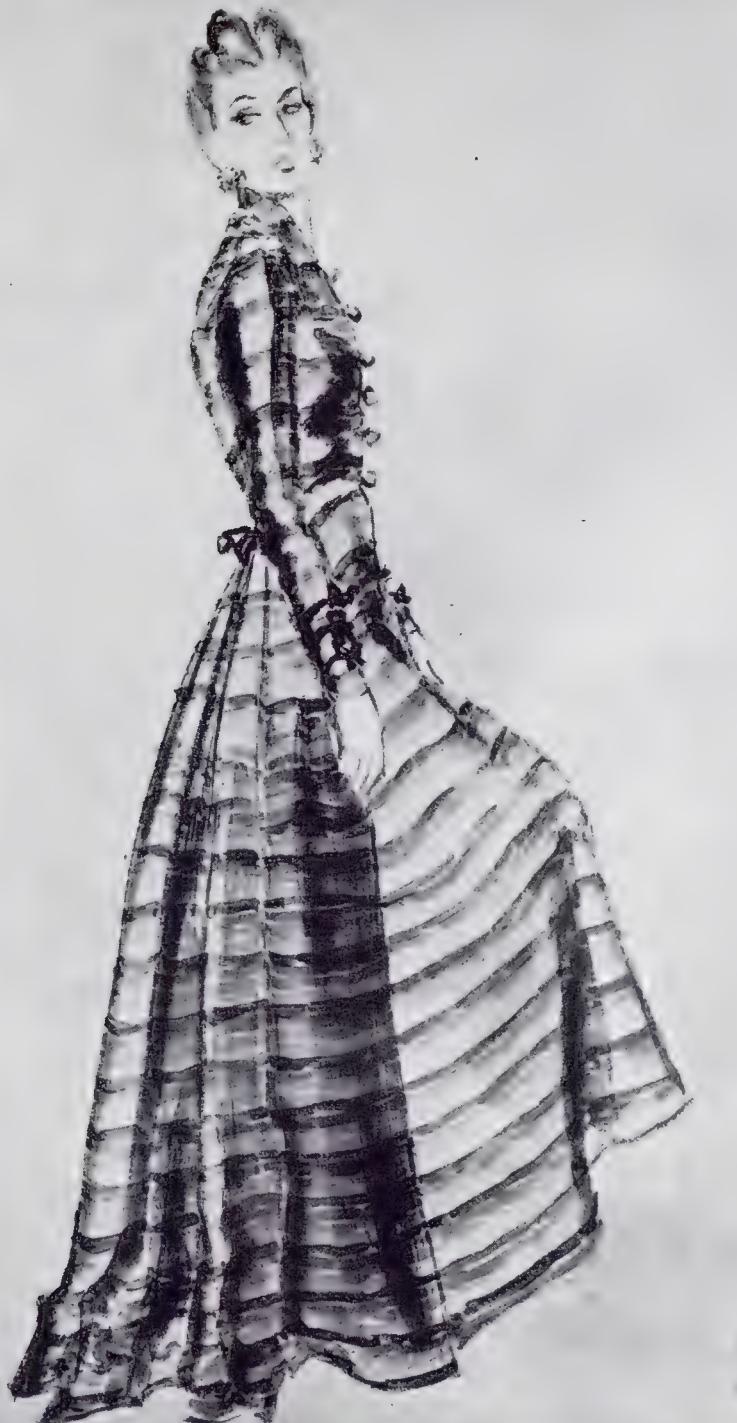
inexperience, but he did not let that worry him, and he managed to set up a reasonable understanding with B. C. Gadney, who is not the easiest of scrummage halves with whom to settle down.

Scotland were very far from disgraced. They have a really good pack, which, unfortunately for itself, met a stronger and better one, and they have a set of outsides most of whom are good enough for any team. It is true that in the first half the pack was quite unable to cope with the hooking of H. B. Toft, which was almost monotonous in its regularity, but they did better after the interval, and it was quite easy to see how faithfully they must have dealt with Wales. W. R. Logan, who must be nearing the end of a distinguished career, played another great game.

ROLLS-ROYCE 25-30 H.P. FOUR-DOOR TOURING SALOON



Coachcraft by Thrupp & Maberly sets a precedent for luxury and beauty, for excellence of workmanship and graceful design. In the model illustrated the fittings are lavish yet tasteful, everything is included for the complete comfort of passengers, including seating on modern anatomical principles. May we send you specification?



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IN the current number, for example, *Vogue* tells you more about the mode for stripes—but shows you the subtle ways to use them, as Maggy Rouff does in this brocade coat. It has the suit story from Paris and clothes discoveries from the medium-priced London shops. It shows the loveliest new models in lingerie. And in the "Limited Incomes" pages, suggests how to use ideas from the Paris Collections in your own clothes with the minimum outlay.

And since it's the Brides' Number, there is fashion and information and original notions for brides and their attendants, for weddings and receptions, for beauty and homes. There is an article, too, on clothes for children, based on the way our two best-known young ladies (guess who?) have been dressed the last few years.

You can get *Vogue*, of course, from all good newsagents'—this number is on sale now for one shilling, and worth it!

VOGUE...! WITH BRIDAL FEATURES

THE
HIGHWAY
OF
FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

A SPECIAL display is being made of silver fox, ermine and other precious furs in the salons of Percy Vickery, the well-known furrier of 245, Regent Street. There is to be seen the lovely Canadian fox cape portrayed, and although the skins are unusually bright and silvery the cost is only ninety-five guineas. It is a gilt-edged investment, as it is as appropriate for day as for evening wear. It must be related that there are other capes of this fur for seventeen guineas, single stoles being from twelve and a half guineas. Well worth a visit to view are the three-quarter length Russian ermine capes of the modified swagger persuasion for one hundred and twenty-nine guineas; then there are shoulder capes of the same fur for twenty-three guineas. The working of the skins is original, artistic and distinctly slimming

Picture by Blake





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IT is seldom you find a collection of Rings as excellent in Design and Quality as those illustrated. Inspection is invited—You will be welcomed with the greatest cordiality at any of our three London Showrooms—or a Catalogue will be sent. Incidentally The Rings have Platinum settings and the illustrations portray their actual size.

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SCOTTISH TWEEDS



NOT only are Scottish tweeds effective, they are practical, soft and light; as a matter of fact, they are endowed with imitable qualities. Roderick Tweedie, 7, Frederick Street, Edinburgh, introduce the finest tailoring and craftsmanship in their suits and coats. They are responsible for the models pictured on this page. The travel coat above is of lightweight brushed Shetland tweed and is lined with crêpe de Chine. The cost is nine guineas; there are others from six and a half guineas. The scarf is of interest too, as it is loosely knitted and very warm. The cable scarf on the right is seven shillings and sixpence.

PERFECT tailoring and admirable cut are important features of the suit on the right, which also comes from Roderick Tweedie. It seems almost unnecessary to add that it is made of pure wool Scottish tweed. The skirt shows a check design while the coat is plain, trimmed to match the former. It is eight guineas; it must be frankly stated that there are others from five and a half guineas. As Scotland is really the home of golf it is only natural that a feature is made here of skirts for the sport; they are available in six different styles. By the way, there are two £1 handkerchiefs for one shilling and sixpence.

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A SMART CAPE composed of selected Silver Fox skins. Suitable for all occasions.

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ROUND THE BRIDGE TABLE



THE vogue for blouses in the widest meaning of the word has never been more pronounced, and nowhere is a more representative collection of these accessories to be seen than at Gouges, in the Buckingham Palace Road. To this firm must be given the credit of those seen on this page. Just right for the warm weather are the spotted silk blouses at £3s. 6d.; they are reinforced with gathered collars and have short or long sleeves.

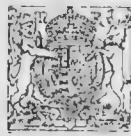
THERE is much to please and nothing to tax at the counter above. There are a host of different creases, as when it may appropriately be worn. It is expressed in gold tapestry, embroidered in pastel shades of green and red. As will be seen, it cuts away in front and the square shoulders are built up; the cost of these should be attributed to stockings, mittens and sunglasses. They are also short and severely made, with fine points.

Photos by Baker



TUNICS are among the accessories that are looked upon with great favour by women who understand the art of dressing well. The model above, which is slightly shorter than those of last year, is of black net; the hand-lacquered sprays and bouquets of mixed flowers are in vivid shades. Its high neck-line is caught with a dark green Chinese clip, the petersham belt being outlined with gold to match the buckle. In striking contrast is the tunic below, carried out in gaily coloured crêpe de Chine with a black background and a diagonal pattern depicting a procession of caravans. The scheme is completed with a turn-over collar and jabot





By Special
Appointment

The
Spring
Ensemble
by
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(Model Gown Department)



THE SPRING ENSEMBLE in a novelty material.
The fashionable high neckline is finished with cord and
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Size 48, 1 Gn. extra.

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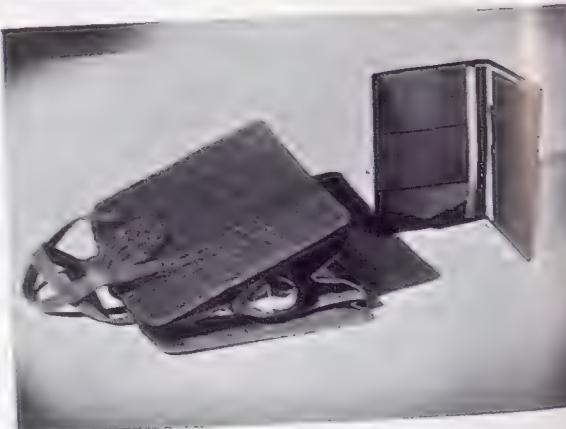


TRAVEL paraphernalia from the House of Asprey, Bond Street, is always distinctive, but nevertheless practical and light. Important features of the valuable suitcase set a man are its strength and lightness ; variations in this theme have been built for women. Also presented is a leather case with rapid fastening, an admirable carrier for cashmere and travelling rug. It will be found that there is ample space for papers. A few words must be said about this year's cashmere rugs. They are available in all cashmere shades and only weigh eighteen ounces. There are scarves to match, and only weigh eighteen ounces. There are scarves to match, and only weigh eighteen ounces.



THOSE who travel always appreciate a clock that can be stowed away in a corner of a handbag. The eight-day model illustrated has a crocodile case and costs £5 17s. 6d.; in python or morocco it is £5 3s. The case seen on the left below is fitted and ready to receive the accepted beauty preparations, not overlooking a bottle for an antiseptic liquid dentifrice. As the mirror is large, it is quite a simple matter to study the face

Travel Light

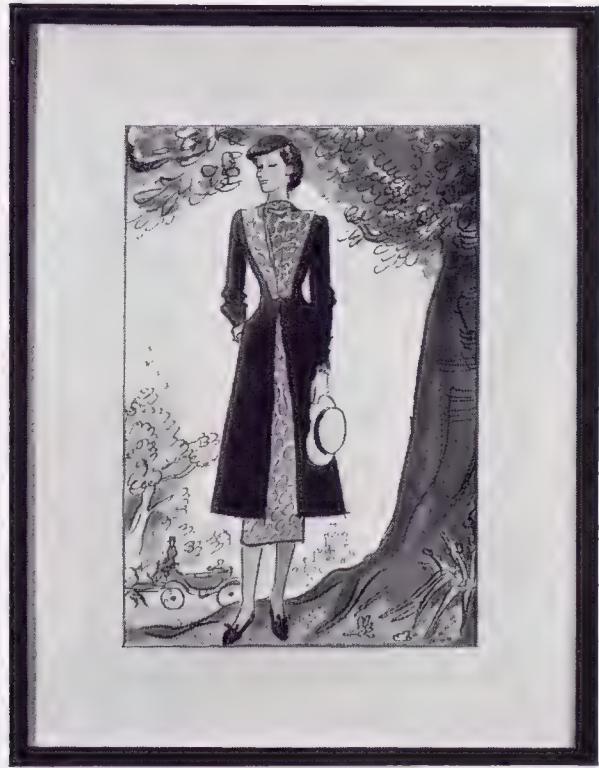


"ALL I want until the luggage arrives" is the name that has been given to Asprey's latest production. The illustrations show it both open and closed. There is a compartment for everything needed for the night, and more often than not, space is found for an evening dress. The fittings can be of silver gilt or enamel in various colours, and the cover may be of morocco, python, or crocodile. Also illustrated is a crocodile handbag with a secret pocket for jewellery, and compartments for all the things that make travelling pleasant. The passport case is an old friend, with several divisions for passport, landing card, luggage check, rail ticket, paper money and so on. Of rawhide lightweight luggage there is an infinite variety, including wardrobe suitcases

April . . .

Crisp, cool, spring-like . . .

It would be difficult to put into a few words the charm of one of Margaret Barry's new 'little suits,' where silk and pique combine to produce an effect which is at once vernal and sophisticated—slightly informal yet designed with an inimitable sense of style. For spring, too, we shall see the new heraldic prints which Margaret Barry has chosen as being particularly applicable to the splendour and pageantry of this memorable Coronation Year.



Margaret Barry

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Next Month

Mr. Alan Russell and Miss Grace Moore are being married on April 12 at St. James's, Spanish Place; on the 24th, Mr. William G. Macgregor and Miss Knapton are to be married at St. James's, Spanish Place; on the same day, Lieutenant R. H. Courage, R.N., marries Miss Philippa Standish at St. Andrew's Church, Meonstoke; and Mr. James Chalmers Miller, Hongkong, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Miller, of Newfield, Barnton, Midlothian, and Miss Sheila Graham, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Murrayfield, Edinburgh, have fixed on April 29 for their wedding at Murrayfield Parish Church.

Hay Wrightson
MISS PATRICIA BLACKWOOD

The only daughter of the late Colonel F. H. Blackwood, D.S.O., The Lincolnshire Regiment, and Mrs. Blackwood, of Pier Mansions, Southsea, who is engaged to Lieutenant Rupert Charles Purchas Wainwright, R.N., the only son of the late Paymaster Lieutenant O. J. Wainwright, R.N., and Mrs. Wainwright, of Pendragon, Southsea

of Mr. and Mrs. B. Mitchell Graham, of Redcliffe, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, have fixed on April 29 for their wedding at Murrayfield Parish Church.

July Wedding.

The marriage will take place in July between Dr. Edward Maurice Town Jones, of Frensham Surrey, the son of the late Mr. J. A. Jones and Mrs. Jones, of Llandysul, and Miss Sylvia Browne, the elder daughter of Colonel W. W. Brown, O.B.E. (late R.A.M.C.), and Mrs. Browne, of Greyburns, Lancaster Avenue, Farnham, Surrey.



Bertom Park
MISS ANNE WATSON HUGHES

Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. Anthony Norman, the younger son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Norman, of The Corner House, Cowley Street, Westminster, and Ramster, Chippingfield. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Watson Hughes, of Postrehydd, Treffnant, Denbighshire, and Grosvenor House, London

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Malcolm George Lillingston, the younger son of the Rev. Canon A. B. G. Lillingston, and the late Mrs. Lillingston, of The College, Durham, and Miss Mary McLintock, the youngest daughter of Sir William McLintock, Bt., and Lady McLintock, of Tudor Lodge, Parkside, Wimbledon; Paymaster Lieut.-Commander J. P. McIntyre, R.N., stepson of the Rev. E. D. Drake-Brockman, only son of Mrs. Drake-Brockman, of Staverton Vicarage, Totnes, Devon, and the late

James McIntyre, and Miss Susan Lanyon, the only daughter of Paymaster Rear-Admiral T. T. Lanyon and the late Mrs. Lanyon, of Culver, Saltash, Cornwall; Mr. Rowan Bentall, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard H. Bentall, of Oakwood Court, Leatherhead, and Miss Adelia Hawes, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hawes, of 163, Chiltern Court, N.W., and Holly Hill, Meopham, Kent; Mr. Gerald B. M. Bell, Royal Air Force, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Bell, of Calcutta, and Carr Hall, Sleights, Yorkshire; and Miss Jean Walker, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Walker, of Pyes, Wrentham, Suffolk; Mr. Charles Denis de Burgh Forsyth, Acting Consul for Spain, Capetown, and Miss Eileen Felicia (Joy) Townley.



Soper
MISS GLADYS TURTON HART

The only daughter of Mr. Edwin Hart and Mrs. Turton-Hart, of New Hextalls, Bletchingley, Surrey, and grand-daughter of the late Lieutenant-General T. T. Turton, of Lingfield, who is to marry Mr. Richard Hughes Mathias, the only son of Sir Richard Mathias, Bt., D.L., and Lady Mathias

James McIntyre, and Miss Susan Lanyon, the only daughter of Paymaster Rear-Admiral T. T. Lanyon and the late Mrs. Lanyon, of Culver, Saltash, Cornwall; Mr. Rowan Bentall, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard H. Bentall, of Oakwood Court, Leatherhead, and Miss Adelia Hawes, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hawes, of 163, Chiltern Court, N.W., and Holly Hill, Meopham, Kent; Mr. Gerald B. M. Bell, Royal Air Force, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Bell, of Calcutta, and Carr Hall, Sleights, Yorkshire; and Miss Jean Walker, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Walker, of Pyes, Wrentham, Suffolk; Mr. Charles Denis de Burgh Forsyth, Acting Consul for Spain, Capetown, and Miss Eileen Felicia (Joy) Townley.



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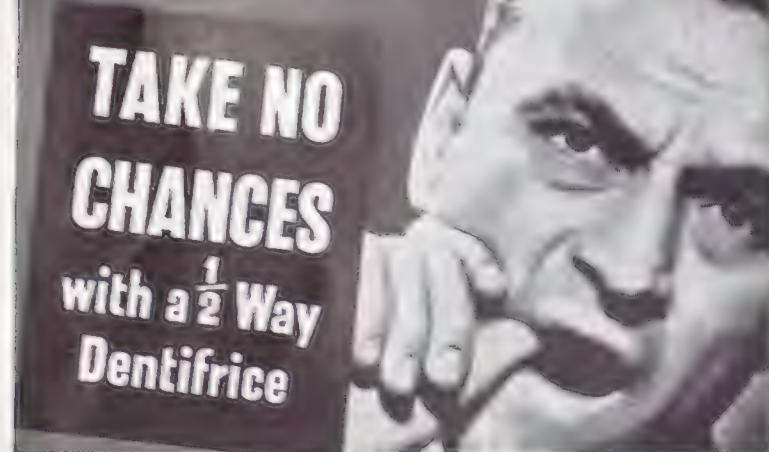
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Early-rising resolutions are easily forgotten on a Durloillo 'Deep-Six' Mattress. The simply perfect comfort of it—all the softness of a feather-bed without its cloying cling and envelopment—the completely uniform support—the absence of any tendency to sag or develop hump or hollow—its entire dustlessness—these are some of the unique features of the most restful and hygienic mattress in the world.

DUNLOPILLO DEEP-SIX MATTRESS

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FORTNUMS HAMPTONS HARRODS HEALS
MAPLES SPRIGGS, etc.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.,  Cambridge Street, Manchester, 1
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"HAWAIIAN" is the newest, reddest red! Vivid and impudently daring; yet so soft, sincere and warmly feminine. Positively won't turn purplish. More rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret!

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"EXOTIC" is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just can-

not find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never-before Tattoo dewiness.

"NATURAL"—a medium shade—is a true, rich, blood colour, an asset to any brunette—gives the new dewy beauty!

"PASTEL" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new dewy look is truly amazing!



At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new dewiness!

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 587

twisted and turned as to add at least a couple of noughts on to the damages.

"Remember that you are on your oath, sir, and give me a plain answer, 'yes' or 'no'; did you or did you not upon the material date with which we are dealing make use of the expressions . . . , etc. What a nasty spot for any perfectly innocent loon to be on! Just as bad and exactly the same as being bitten by a cobra. Juries are such funny things. You never can tell which way they are going to jump, so, perhaps, riding out may be just as dangerous as walking out or even keeping company. Someone ought to discover an anti-flirting serum. It might make for a pall of dullness and depression, for, after all, your talented flirt does brighten up the drab world whether he is a horse or afoot, and it may not be quite fair that people should say all the hard things about him which they do; but it is a very contagious and dangerous disease. Perhaps if someone invented something that would give flirts a permanent cold in the head, it might stop it. You cannot flirt properly with a dribbling nose."

* * *

In the course of the argument in favour of Mr. E. A. Radford's Exportation of Horses Bill, which we are all glad to find has passed its second reading and therefore is virtually certain to become the law of the land, it was advanced that:

"It is no valid argument that, because only a very few horses are being exported now, it does not matter

what happens to them. Even if only 20 went over in 1936, it is, in the light of what I have seen, 20 too many. I think the public will agree with me that it is unsportsmanlike and un-British to allow our old horses to face such a cruel fate."

Everyone, of course, does agree, but it may be difficult to stop it without some interference with what the people who buy for sausages will assert is perfectly legitimate trade? I wish I could see how. We have got to realise that the people who buy are not exactly cock-angels and will say anything, so that even a compulsory declaration as to the purpose for which a horse is bought may not stop it. The buyers for the sausage trade, I understand, are the most numerous variety, and we need not go over the often disclosed facts as to what they may do with the poor horses. It is from the foreign abattoirs we ought to try to save them. It is a most difficult problem.

The Exportation of Horses Bill does not interfere in any way with the export of young and valuable horses, nor with other legitimate trade in horses. It is intended to stop the export of work-worn horses only. I wish the Bill all luck and hope that it will do the trick, as I hope and believe that it will.

The trouble still is, however, that i is on the other side and not on th that the harm is done. As long as the like eating horses on the Continent : Bill will protect anything from the treatment to which any animal may be subject. It is all my eye to say that they are humanely slaughtered by the foreign butchers and humanely treated. The evidence against any such assertion is overwhelming.



IN THE CASINO TERRACE GARDENS AT MONTE CARLO

All the people in this group seem to have been having the right kind of luck at the tables or otherwise if expression is any guide! In the picture are Sir Stewart and Lady Stewart-Clark, whose house is in Linlithgowshire, Sir Thomas and Lady Glen-Coats, who also hail from Bonnie Scotland, and Madame Bobek, who is the Swedish lady swimming champion

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Wherever an interest is taken in Cairns the "Dochfour" are famous. Lady Burton is one of the foremost authorities on the breed, which she has kept all her life, and is a most popular judge, knowing just what she wants. One of Lady Burton's treasures is a cut-out picture of her Cairns found nailed up in a Balkan dug-out during the war. There is a draft of the Dochfour Cairns for sale, also some older bitches which would be given to good homes for a choice of puppy, stud dog supplied. The youngsters are of all ages and all most carefully and thoughtfully bred. Lady Burton also has a famous kennel of Keeshonds and there are two good bitches for sale, one a winner at championship shows.



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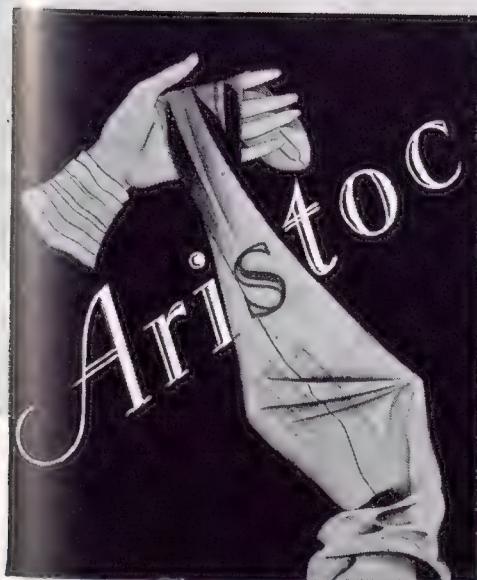
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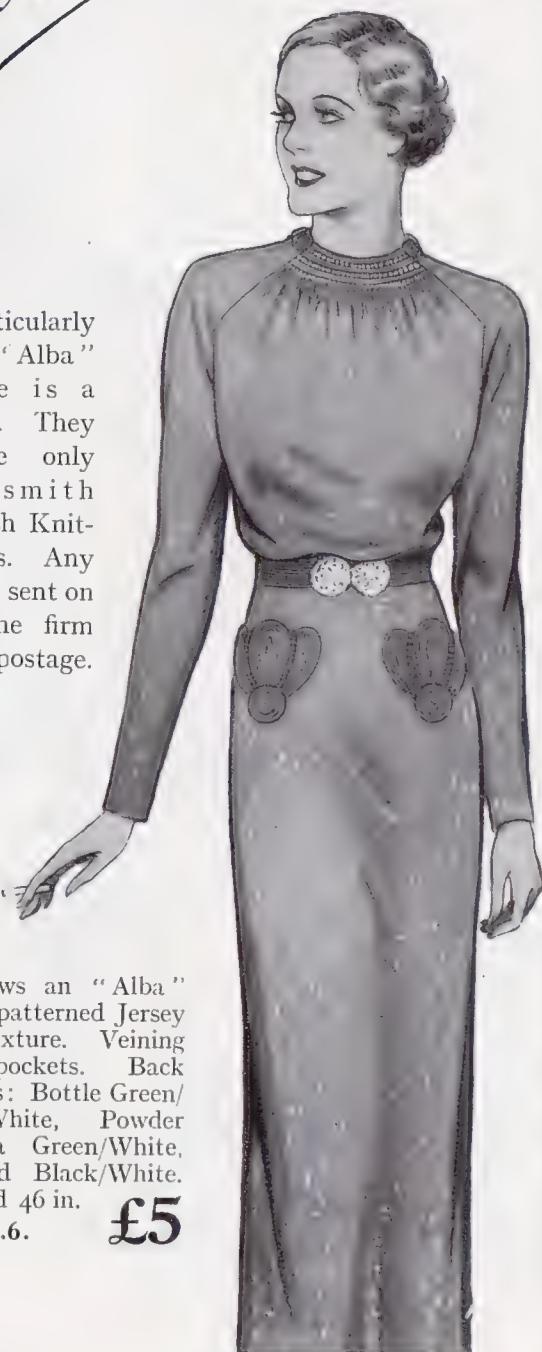
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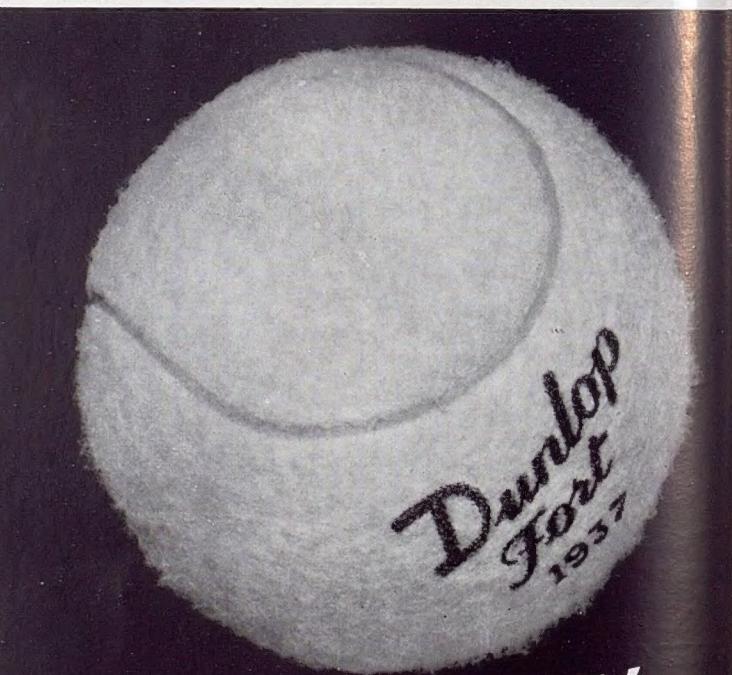
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"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

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